

Quartettes
and Choruses
For Men's Voices

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Quartettes
and Choruses
for
Men's Voices

Sacred and Social Selections

George B. Hodge
Hubert P. Main

EDITORS



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Foreword

THIS collection of songs for men's voices has been prepared under the direction of GEORGE B. HODGE and HUBERT P. MAIN, with the co-operation of the well-known International Association Quartette: PAUL J. GILBERT, 1st tenor; P. H. METCALF, 2d tenor; C. M. KEELER, 1st bass, and E. W. PECK, 2d bass. The book includes many of the most popular selections from the repertoire of this famous Quartette. Considerable new material and many new arrangements of old songs are included.

We wish also to acknowledge the kind co-operation of members of other Quartettes who have aided in the compilation of the book, and to express our thanks to the owners of copyright music for permission to use the same.

THE PUBLISHERS

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Quartettes and Choruses for Men's Voices

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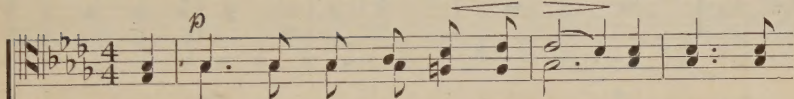
St. Margaret

G. MATHESON



(Arr. G. B. H.)

ALBERT L. PEACE

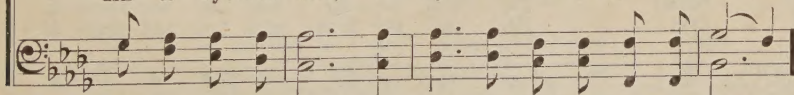
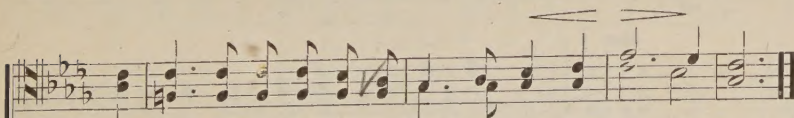
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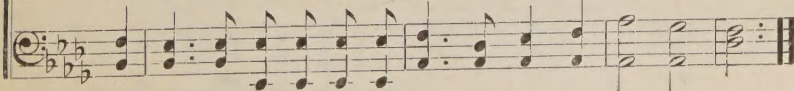
1. O Love, that wilt not let me go, I rest my
2. O Light, that fol - l'west all my way, I yield my
3. O Joy, that seek - est me through pain, I can - not
4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not

wea - ry soul in thee; I give thee back the life I owe,
flick - ring torch to thee; My heart re - stores its bor - row'd ray,
close my heart to thee; I trace the rain - bow through the rain,
ask to fly from thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead,

That in thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day May bright - er, fair - er be.
And feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.
And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.



God of Our Fathers

D. C. ROBERTS

(Arr. G. B. H.)

GEORGE W. WARREN

Trumpets, before each Stanza.

1. God of our fa - thers, Whose al-might - y
2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the
3. From war's a - larms, from dead - ly pes - ti -
4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil-some

hand Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry
 past, In this free land by Thee our lot is
 lence, Be Thy strong arm our ev - er sure de -
 way, Lead us from night to nev - er - end - ing

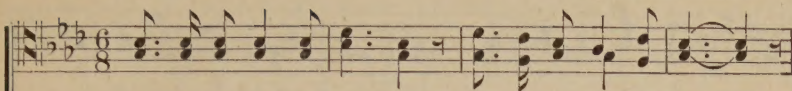
band Of shin - ing worlds in splen - dor thro' the
 cast; Be Thou our rul - er, guard - ian, guide and
 fence; Thy true re - lig - ion in our hearts in -
 day; Fill all our lives with love and grace di -

skies, Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.
 stay, Thy word our law, Thy paths our cho - sen way.
 crease, Thy bount - eous good - ness nour - ish us in peace.
 vine, And glo - ry, laud and praise, be ev - er Thine.

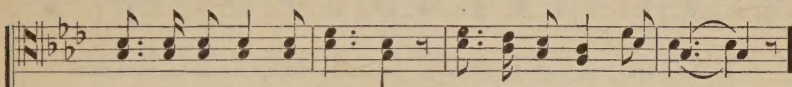
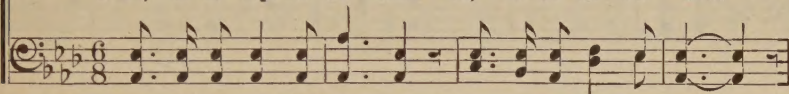
Kept for Jesus

EDITH G. CHERRY

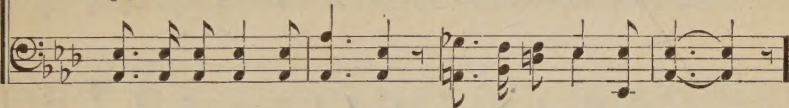
I. ALLAN SANKEY



1. Oh, to be "kept for Je - sus!" Kept, by the pow'r of God;
2. Oh, to be "kept for Je - sus!" Serv - ing as He shall choose;
3. Oh, to be "kept for Je - sus!" Kept, from the world a - part;
4. Oh, to be "kept for Je - sus!" Oh, to be all His own!



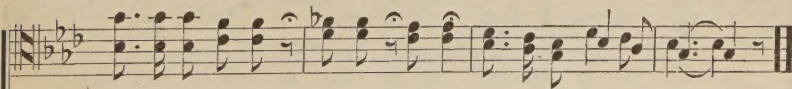
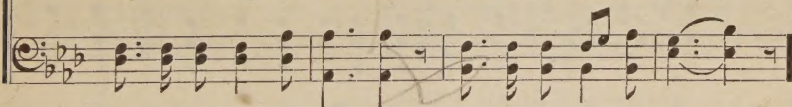
Kept, from the world un-spot - ted, Tread - ing where Je - sus trod.
 "Kept" for the Mas - ter's pleas - ure; "Kept" for the Mas - ter's use.
 Low - ly in mind and spir - it, Gen - tle and pure in heart.
 Kept, to be His for - ev - er, Kept to be His a - lone!



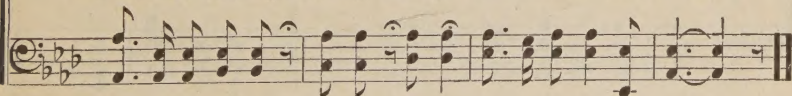
CHORUS.



Oh, to be "kept for Je - sus!" Lord at Thy feet I fall;



I would be "nothing, nothing, nothing," Thou shall be "All in all."



Be Strong

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK

GEO. C. STEBBINS

ff

* Be strong! be strong! O men,..... be strong!
O men, be strong!

1. We are not here to play, to dream, to drift; We have hard work to
2. Say not the days are e - vil—who's to blame?—And fold the hands and
3. It mat-ters not how deep entrench'd the wrong, How hard the bat - tle

do and loads to lift; Shun not the struggle; face it; 'tis God's gift.
ac - qui - esce—oh, shame! Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.
goes, the day how long; Faint not, fight on! to-mor-row comes the song.

ff

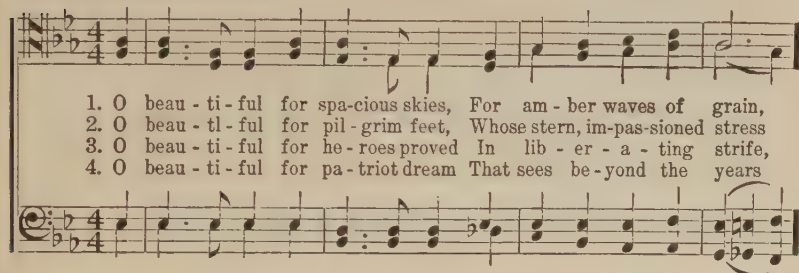
Be strong! be strong! O men,..... be strong!
O men,

Beautiful for Spacious Skies

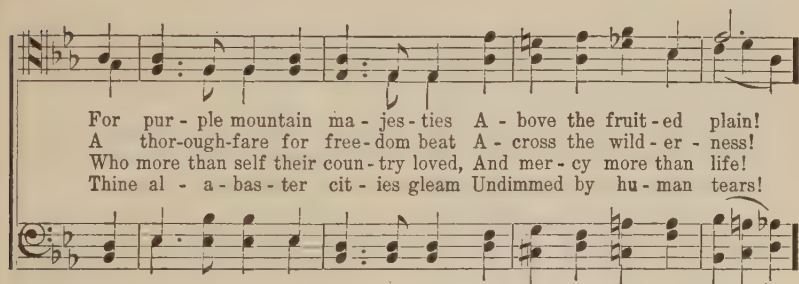
KATHERINE LEE BATES

(Arr. H. P. M.)

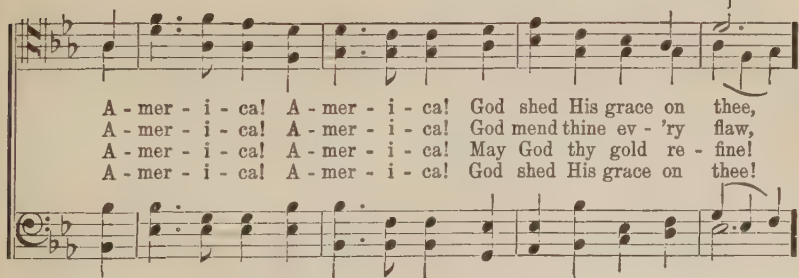
SAMUEL A. WARD



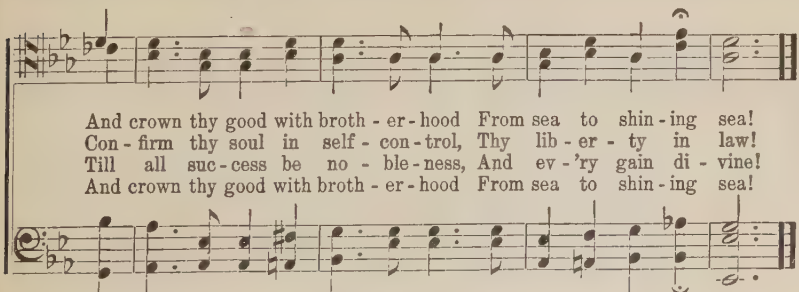
1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
 2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im - pas - sioned stress
 3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - a - ting strife,
 4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years



For pur - ple mountain ma - jes - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
 A thor - ough - fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wild - er - ness!
 Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
 Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Undimmed by hu - man tears!



A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine!
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee!

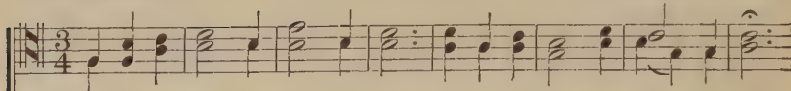


And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
 Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
 Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
 And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!

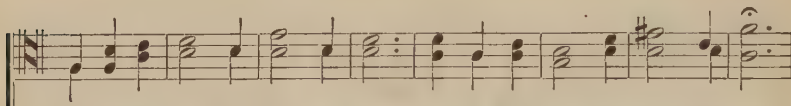
Convention Hymn

H. S. NINDE

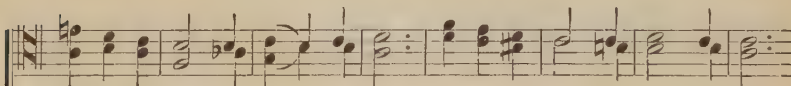
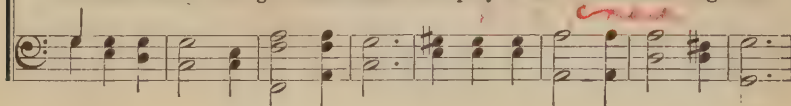
GEORGE B. HODGE



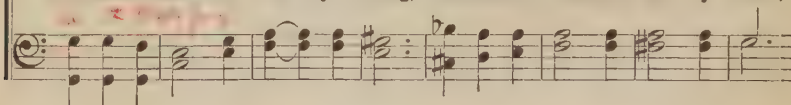
1. With glad thanksgiving, gra-cious Lord, Thy servants gath-er here to-day,
2. We thank Thee for the earn-est men, Of sturd-y faith, of pur- pose true,
3. And now, dear Lord, to Thee we come, Of vary-ing name and race and creed,



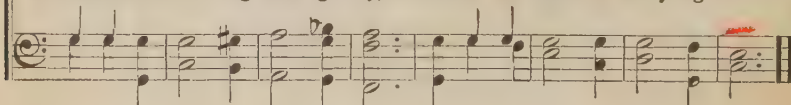
In hum-ble a - dor - a - tion bow And own a - new Thy sov'-reign sway.
 Who builded in the ear - ly days, And build-ed bet - ter than they knew.
 To bless Thee for the good that's been And pray Thee for the com-ing need.



We bless Thee for the fer - tile seed That gave our Broth-er-hood its birth;
 We thank Thee for the fruit-ful years, The work that broad-er, deep - er grew;
 We come from out the cit - y's throng, From marts of trade and bus - y street,



We praise Thee for the lat - er tree Whose branches spread thro' all the earth.
 And for the lead-ing that has kept Us still to God and du - ty true.
 Where swift the cir-cling hours go by, Timed to the tread of hur-ry-ing feet.



Convention Hymn

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>4 We come from factory and from forge,
 Where spindles whirl and hammers ring,
 And chimneys tall against the sky
 Their mirky banners broadly fling.
 From where the iron highways speed
 The traffic of a busy land,
 And clear of brain and keen of eye
 The masters of the throttle stand.</p> | <p>5 We come from camp and field, where'er
 The nation's flag has been unfurled;
 And from the decks of battleships
 That sail the seas of all the world.
 From college hall we come, and glad
 Our fellow-workers here we greet;
 And lay our student laurels by
 To learn at Christ the Master's feet.</p> |
|---|--|

7 Remember Me, O Mighty One

ANON

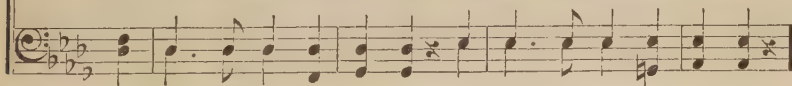
JOHANNA KINKEL



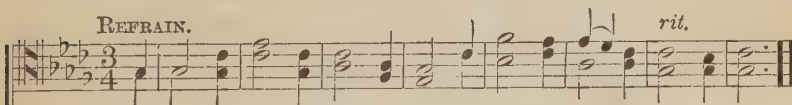
1. When storms around are sweeping, When lone my watch I'm keep-ing,
2. When walk-ing on life's o-cean, Con-trol its rag-ing mo-tion;
3. When weight of sin op-press-es, When dark de-spair dis-tress-es,



'Mid fires of e-vil fall-ing, 'Mid temp-ters' voic-es call-ing,
 When from its dangers shrink-ing, When in its dread deeps sink-ing,
 All thro' the life that's mor-tal, And when I pass death's por-tal,



REFRAIN.



Re-mem-ber me, O Might-y One! Re-mem-ber me, O Might-y One!

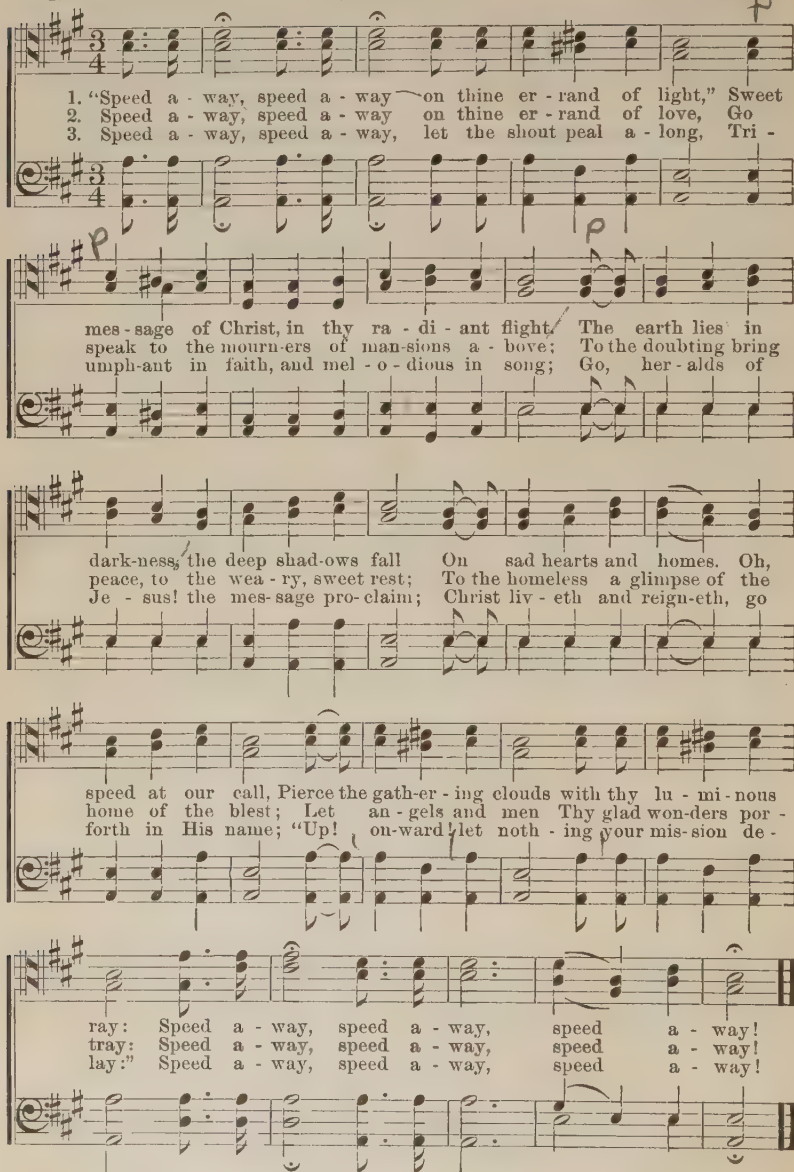


Speed Away

NATHANIEL NORTON

(Arr. H. P. M.)

I. B. WOODBURY



1. "Speed a - way, speed a - way on thine er - rand of light," Sweet
 2. Speed a - way, speed a - way on thine er - rand of love, Go
 3. Speed a - way, speed a - way, let the shout peal a - long, Tri -

mes - sage of Christ, in thy ra - di - ant flight; The earth lies in
 speak to the mourn - ers of man - sions a - bove; To the doubting bring
 unph - ant in faith, and mel - o - dious in song; Go, her - alds of

dark - ness, the deep shad - ows fall On sad hearts and homes. Oh,
 peace, to the wea - ry, sweet rest; To the homeless a glimpse of the
 Je - sus! the mes - sage pro - claim; Christ liv - eth and reign - eth, go

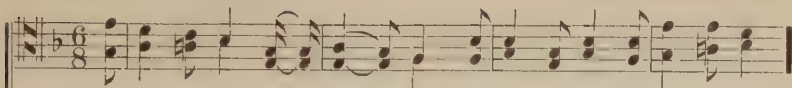
speed at our call, Pierce the gath - er - ing clouds with thy lu - mi - nous
 home of the blest; Let an - gels and men Thy glad won - ders por -
 forth in His name; "Up! on - ward, let noth - ing your mis - sion de -

ray: Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way!
 tray: Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way!
 lay: Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way!

Ring Out, Wild Bells

ALFRED TENNYSON

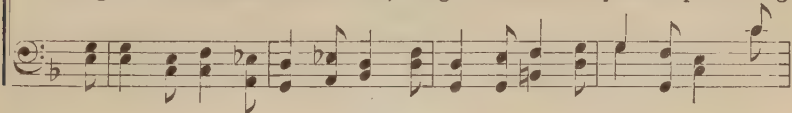
ROBERT JERMAIN COLE



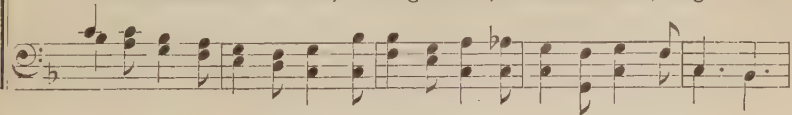
1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The fly - ing cloud, the frost-y light;
2. Ring out a slow - ly dy - ing cause, And an-cient forms of par-ty strife;
3. Ring out old shapes of foul dis-ease; Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;



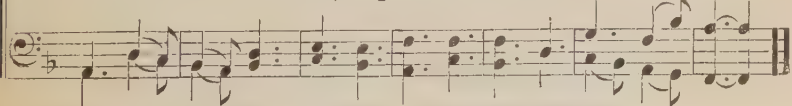
The year is dy - ing in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die. Ring
Ring in the no - bler modes of life. With sweeter manners, pur-er laws. Ring
Ring out the thousand wars of old, Ring in the thousand years of peace. Ring



out the old, ring in the new, Ring, happy bells a-cross the snow; The year is
out false pride in place and blood, The civic slander and the spite; Ring in the
in the va-liant man and free, The larger heart, the kindlier hand; Ring out the



go - ing, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.
love of truth and right; Ring in the com-mon love of good.
dark-ness of the land; Ring in the Christ that is to be.

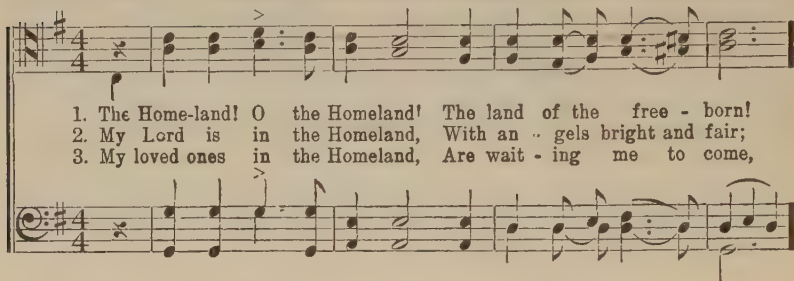


The Homeland

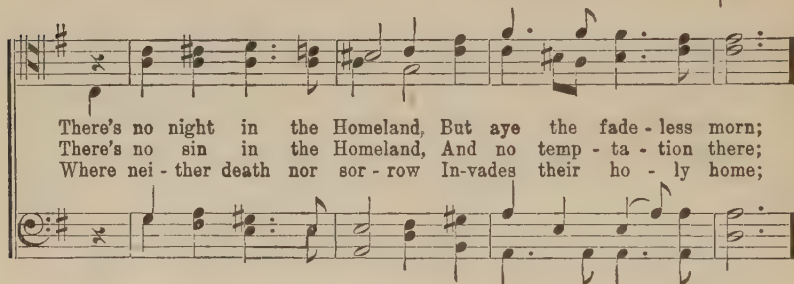
(Melody partly in 2d Tenor)

H. R. HAWES

(Arranged for and sung by the Amphion Quartet) GEO. C. STEBBINS



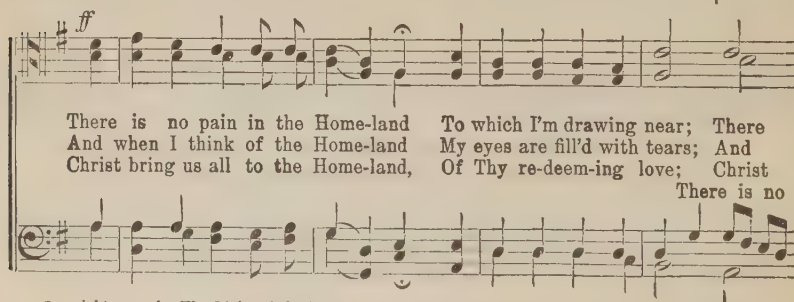
1. The Home-land! O the Homeland! The land of the free - born!
 2. My Lord is in the Homeland, With an .. gels bright and fair;
 3. My loved ones in the Homeland, Are wait - ing me to come,



There's no night in the Homeland, But aye the fade - less morn;
 There's no sin in the Homeland, And no temp - ta - tion there;
 Where nei - ther death nor sor - row In - vades their ho - ly home;

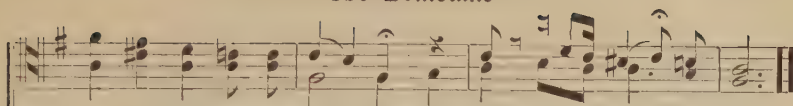


my heart
 I'm sigh-ing for the Homeland, My heart is ach-ing here;
 The mu - sic of the Homeland Is ring - ing in my ears;
 O dear, dear na - tive Coun - try! O rest and peace a - bove!



There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm drawing near; There
 And when I think of the Home-land My eyes are fill'd with tears; And
 Christ bring us all to the Home-land, Of Thy re-deem-ing love; Christ
 There is no

The Homeland



is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm drawing near,
when I think of the Home-land My eyes are fill'd with tears.
bring us all to the Home-land, Of Thy re - deem - ing love.
pain,



11

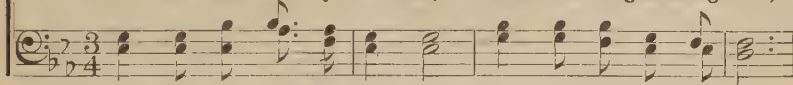
A Song of the Seasons

H. S. NINDE

C. E. SEIFERT



1. I love the smil - ing spring-time; The laugh-ing, danc-ing rills
2. I love the laugh-ing sum - mer; The fields of wav-ing green
3. I love the mel - low au - tumn; Great shocks of yel - low grain
4. I love the mer - ry win - ter; What hills of glis-tening snow,



That sing a-mong the hills; The sun-shine and the show-ers, The springing
In shad-ow and in sheen; The bees and birds and ro - ses—The gay and
A - wait the har-vest wain; The orchard boughs are bending—With golden
The coast-ers in a row; The skat-ers on the riv - er—The ice-bound,



of the flow-ers: I hear the red-breasts sing Their greeting to the spring.
fra-grant pos - ies; The skies so blue and bright, The clouds so flee - cy white.
fruit-age bending: From beech and hickory tall I hear the ripe nuts fall.
gla - ry riv - er; The mu - sic of the bells—The jingling, tinkling bells.

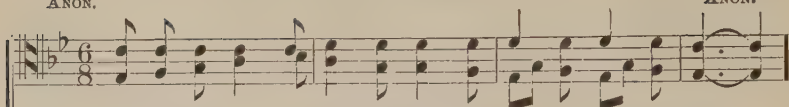


On the Chapel Steps

(Melody in 2d Tenor)

ANON.

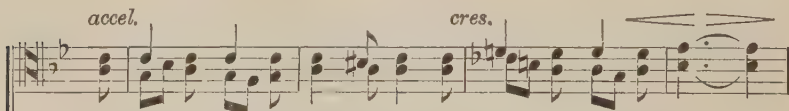
ANON.



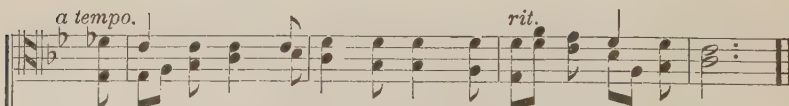
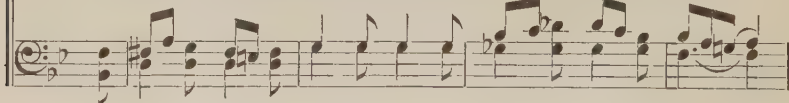
1. Here at the pleas-ant twi-light hour, When dai-ly tasks are o'er,...
 2. From ev-'ry haunt-ed niche a voice, That sang in oth-er days,...



We gath-er on the Chap-el steps, To sing our songs once more,...
 The cur-rent of its hopes and joys, Runs soft-ly neath our lays,....



The braid-ed branches of the elms, In si-lence bend to hear,.....
 Oh stu-dent songs! no mim-ic arts Your in-born charm can gain,.....



And hoar-y walls and an-cient halls; Ring back our tones of cheer.
 Ye cheer our thirst-y, dust-y hearts, Like chim-ing drops of rain.



Jesus, Lover of My Soul

(Duet, 1st Tenor and Baritone with Chorus. 2d Tenor prominent)

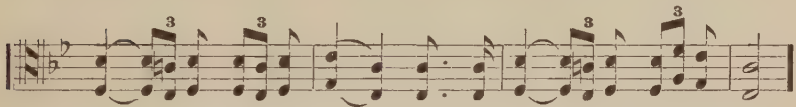
CHARLES WESLEY

(Arr. G. B. H.)

J. P. HOLBROOK



1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, ah!
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the

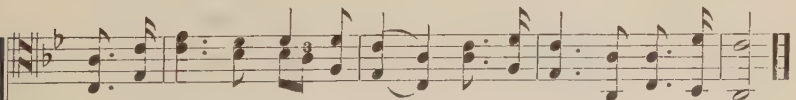


rag - ing bil-lows roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
 leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me!
 fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

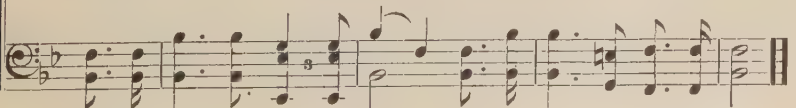
CHORUS.



Hide me, O my Sa - vour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all un - right - eous - ness;



Safe in - to the hav - en guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
 Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.



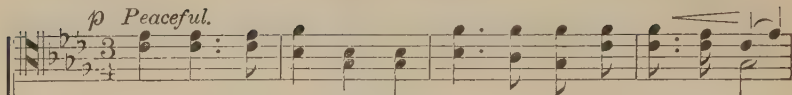
Spin, Spin

SWEDISH FOLKSONG

JOHN GUARD

(Melody in 1st Bass)

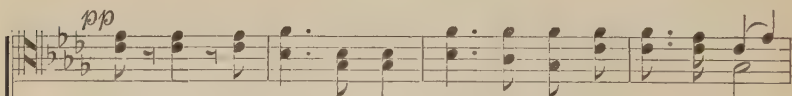
HUGO JÜNGST

p Peaceful.

1. Spin, spin, the live - long day, Mag - gie at her wheel must stay;
 2. "Hedge - ros - es men can see, Pluck and prize, and why not me?"



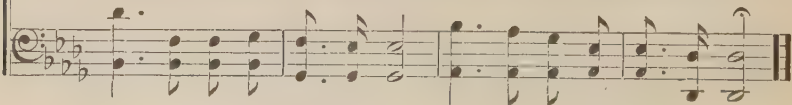
Out of doors the wa - ters spring, Breez - es blow and bird - ies sing.
 Time flies fast, and this year, too, No one comes to wed or woo."



3. "Spin, spin, my daugh - ter dear, With the mor - row he'll be here."



Mag - gie span, her hot tears ran; Nev - er came the looked-for man.



Tho' Your Sins be as Scarlet

FANNY J. CROSBY

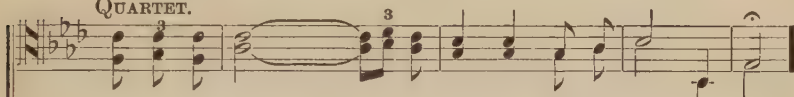
W. H. DOANE

DUET. *Gently.*

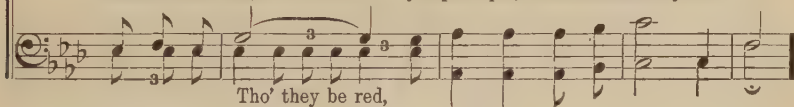
1. Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow: as snow:
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, re-turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions And remember them no more; no more;



QUARTET.



Tho' they be red.....like crim-son, They shall be as wool.
 He is of great.....com-pas-sion, And of won-drous love.
 Look un-to Me,.....ye peo-ple, Saith the Lord your God.

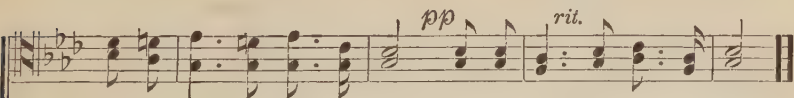
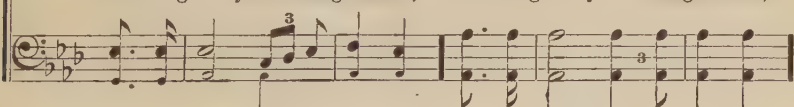


Tho' they be red,

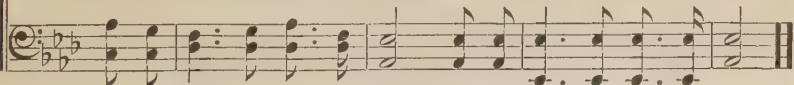
DUET.

QUARTET. *f*

Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
 Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that entreats you,
 He'll for-give your transgressions, He'll for-give your transgressions,



They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow.
 Oh, re-turn ye un - to God! Oh, re-turn ye un - to God!
 And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

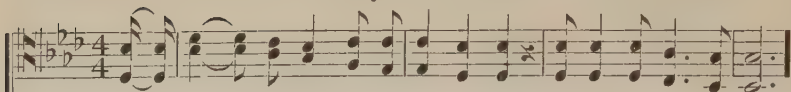


We're Tenting To-Night

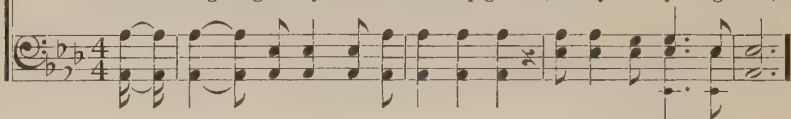
W. K.

(Melody in 2d Tenor)

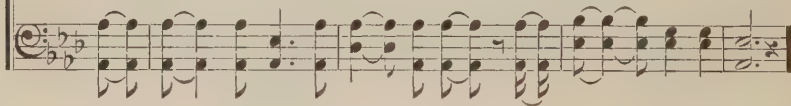
WALTER KITTREDGE



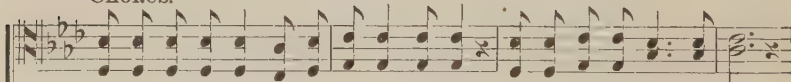
1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer
2. We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by,
3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Man-y are dead and gone,
4. We've been fighting to-day on the old camp ground, Man-y are ly-ing near;



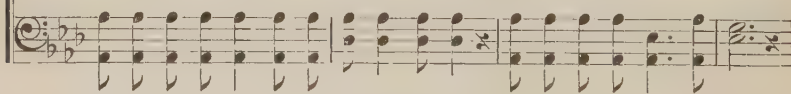
Our wear-y hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.
 Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good-bye!"
 Of the brave and true who've left their homes, Others been wounded long.
 Some are dead and some are dy-ing Man-y are in tears.



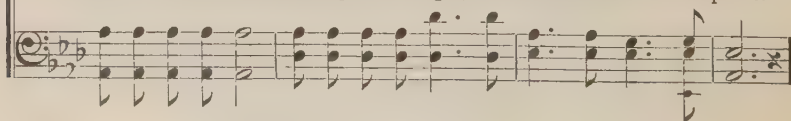
CHORUS.



Man-y are the hearts that are weary to-night, Wishing for the war to cease;



Man-y are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace.



We're Tenting To-night

REFRAIN.

rit.

Repeat pp

Tenting to-night, Tenting to-night, Tenting on the old camp ground.
Last v. Dy-ing to night, Dy-ing to-night, Dy-ing on the old camp ground

17 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me

EDWARD HOPPER, D.D.

JOHN E. GOULD

1. Je - sus, Sa - viour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar

Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
 Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

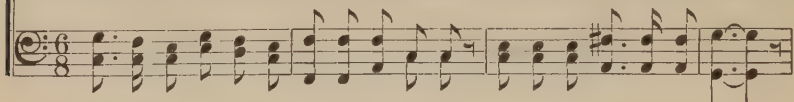
Chart and com - pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sa - viour, pi - lot me.
 Won-drous Sov'-reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sa - viour, pi - lot me.
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

W. L. T.

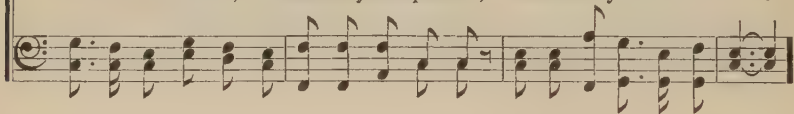
WILL L. THOMPSON



1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Pass - ing for you and for me;
4. Oh, for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;



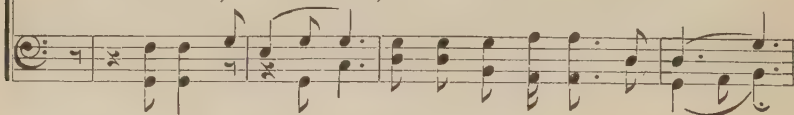
See, on the por - tals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not His mer - cies, Mercies for you and for me.
 Shad ows are gath - er - ing, death - beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and par - don, Pardon for you and for me.



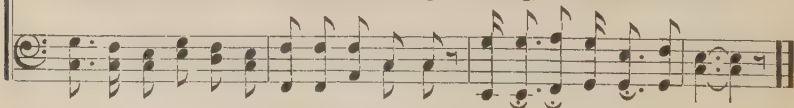
CHORUS.



Come home, come home, Ye who are wea - ry come home,
 Come home, come home,



Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner come home!



Rock of Ages

H. L. HASTINGS

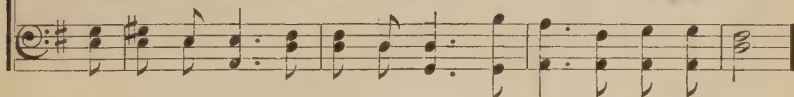
HUBERT P. MAIN



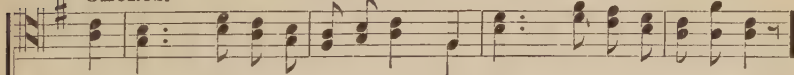
1. My wea - ry soul a rest hath found, A rest that will not fail;
2. I hide me in this Ref-uge strong, From ev - 'ry tem-pest's blast;
3. Ye com-fort - less and tem-pest - tost, By sins and woes op - prest;
4. Ye thirst - y, from this smit - ten Rock Life's crys-tal wa - ters spring;



A sure and cer - tain anchorage ground In Christ with - in the vail.
 And sit and sing un - til the storm Of wrath is o - ver - past.
 Ye tempt-ed, trou - bled, ruin - ed, lost, Come find in Christ your rest.
 There hide from ev - 'ry storm - y shock, And rest, and drink, and sing.



CHORUS.



O Rock of A-ges cleft for me, In Thee my soul se-cure-ly hide;

O Rock

In Thee



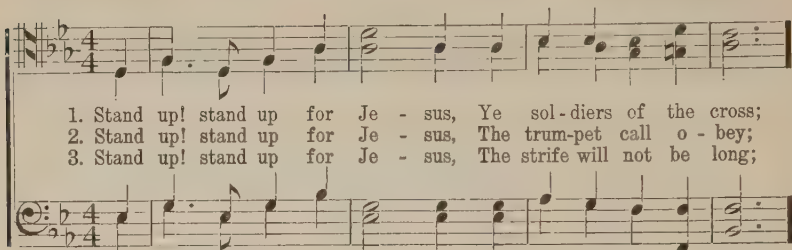
My Tower of Strength, I fly to Thee, and safe - ly there a - bide.



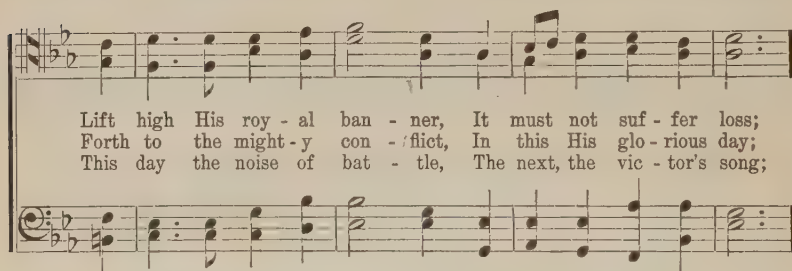
Stand Up for Jesus

REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD

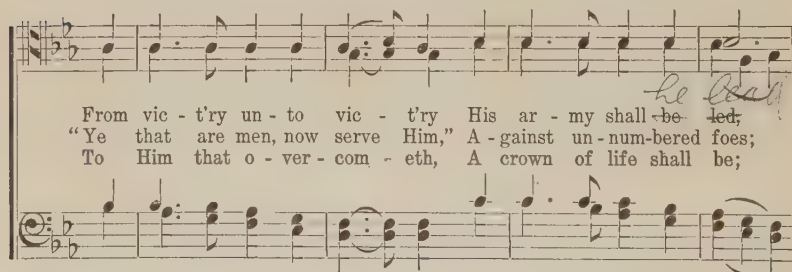
MARO L. BARTLETT



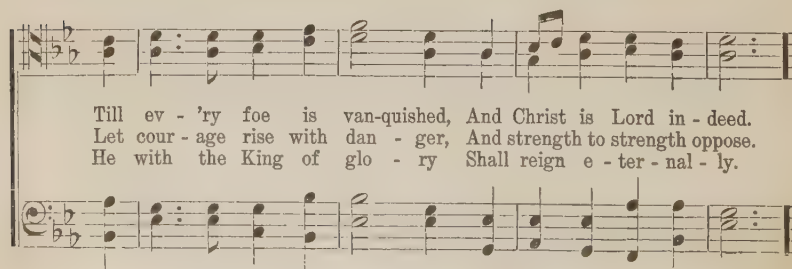
1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross;
 2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus, The trum-pet call o - bey;
 3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long;



Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
 Forth to the might-y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day;
 This day the noise of bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song;



From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall ~~be~~ ^{he lead} led;
 "Ye that are men, now serve Him," A - gainst un - num - bered foes;
 To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;



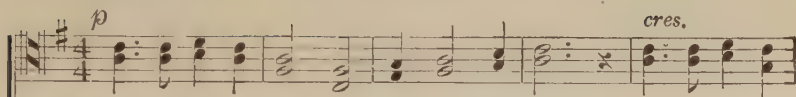
Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
 He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

Robin Redbreast

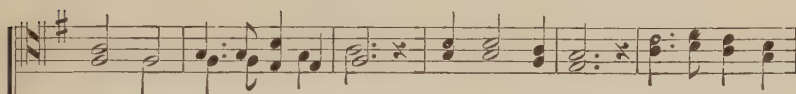
H. S. NINDE

(Arr. L. Erk)

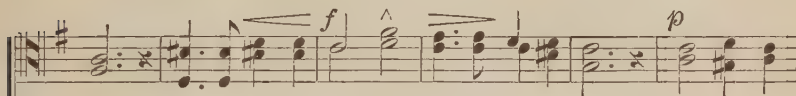
C. H. MALAN



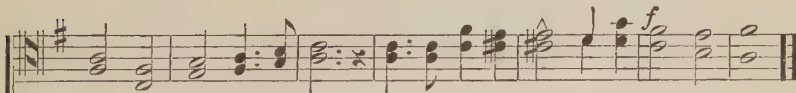
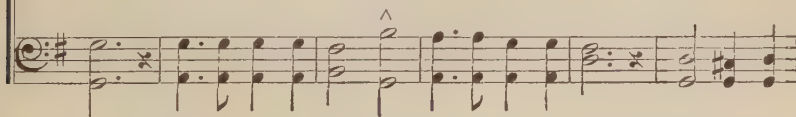
1. Ear - ly in the morn - ing, Rob - in Red - breast, Sing - ing by my
 2. In the dew - y eve - ning, Rob - in Red - breast, Sing - ing in the



win - dow, wak - ing me from rest; Nev - er chide I, never would com -
 tree - top, sooth - ing me to rest; All is so still, nigh - ty shadows



plain, Rob - in, come to - mor - row, wak - en me a - gain. Sing in the
 creep, Rob - in, come at eve - ning and sing me to sleep. Sing in the



morn - ing, trill - ing of spring; Come a - gain to - mor - row and blithe - ly sing.
 twi - light as the day dies; Sing me, lit - tle Rob - in, your lul - la - bys.

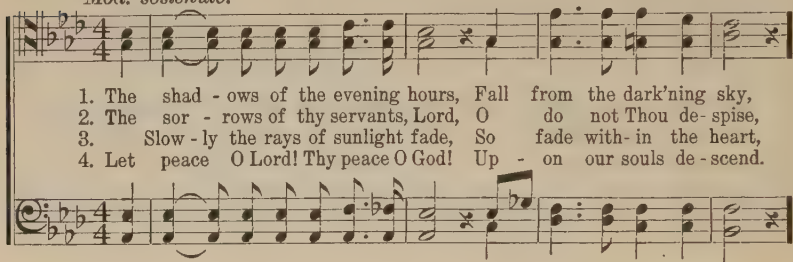


22 The Shadows of the Evening Hours

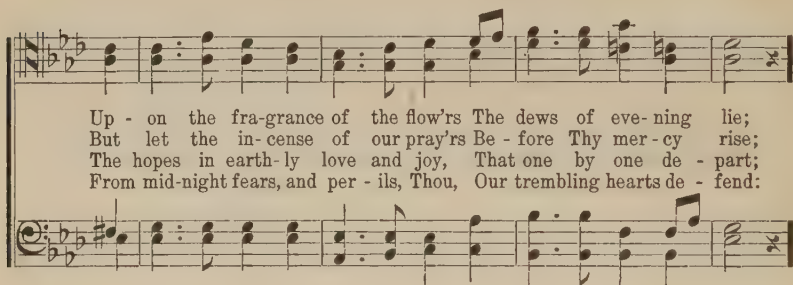
A. A. PROCTER

JOSEPH FLETCHER

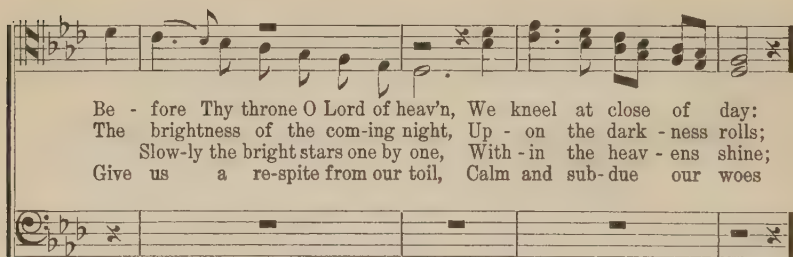
Mod. sostenuto.



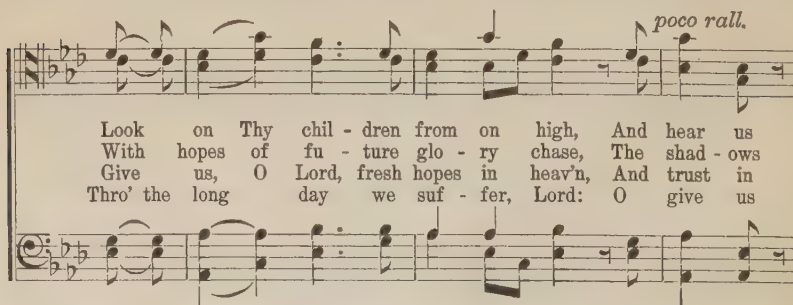
1. The shad - ows of the evening hours, Fall from the dark'ning sky,
 2. The sor - rows of thy servants, Lord, O do not Thou de - spise,
 3. Slow - ly the rays of sunlight fade, So fade with - in the heart,
 4. Let peace O Lord! Thy peace O God! Up - on our souls de - scend.



Up - on the fra-grance of the flow'rs The dews of eve-ning lie;
 But let the in-cense of our pray'rs Be - fore Thy mer - cy rise;
 The hopes in earth - ly love and joy, That one by one de - part;
 From mid-night fears, and per - ils, Thou, Our trembling hearts de - fend:



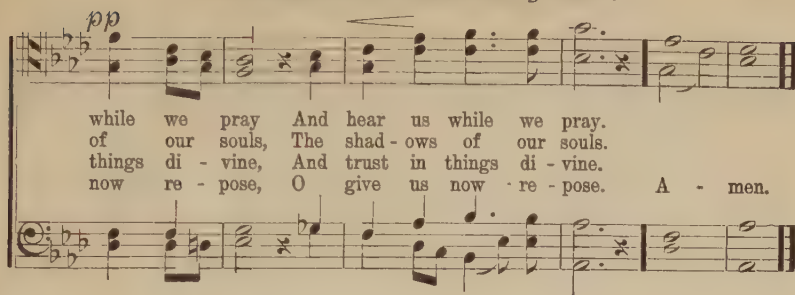
Be - fore Thy throne O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day:
 The brightness of the com-ing night, Up - on the dark - ness rolls;
 Slow-ly the bright stars one by one, With - in the heav - ens shine;
 Give us a re-spite from our toil, Calm and sub-due our woes



poco rall.
 Look on Thy chil - dren from on high, And hear us
 With hopes of fu - ture glo - ry chase, The shad - ows
 Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heav'n, And trust in
 Thro' the long day we suf - fer, Lord: O give us

The Shadows of the Evening Hours

pp

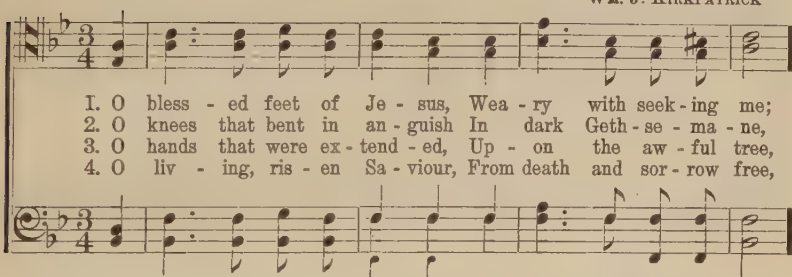


while we pray And hear us while we pray.
of our souls, The shadows of our souls.
things di-vine, And trust in things di-vine.
now re- pose, O give us now re- pose. A - men.

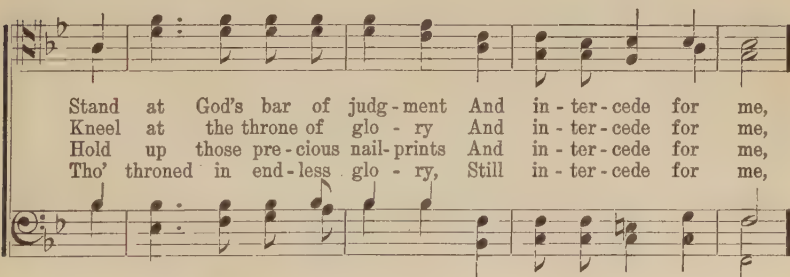
23

Intercede for Me

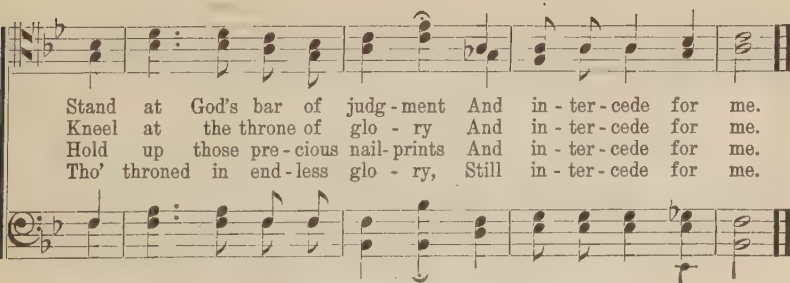
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK



1. O bless - ed feet of Je - sus, Wea - ry with seek - ing me;
2. O knees that bent in an - guish In dark Geth - se - ma - ne,
3. O hands that were ex - tend - ed, Up - on the aw - ful tree,
4. O liv - ing, ris - en Sa - viour, From death and sor - row free,



Stand at God's bar of judg - ment And in - ter - cede for me,
Kneel at the throne of glo - ry And in - ter - cede for me,
Hold up those pre - cious nail - prints And in - ter - cede for me,
Tho' throned in end - less glo - ry, Still in - ter - cede for me,



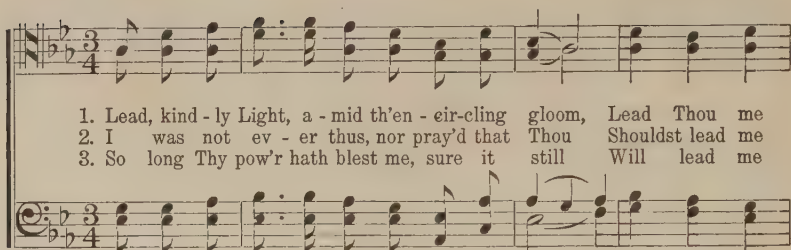
Stand at God's bar of judg - ment And in - ter - cede for me.
Kneel at the throne of glo - ry And in - ter - cede for me.
Hold up those pre - cious nail - prints And in - ter - cede for me.
Tho' throned in end - less glo - ry, Still in - ter - cede for me.

Lead, kindly Light

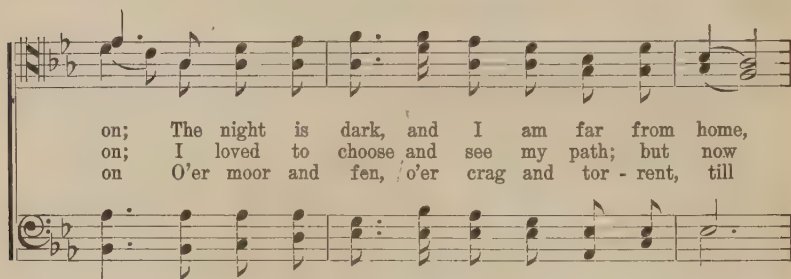
JOHN H. NEWMAN

(Arr. G. C. S.)

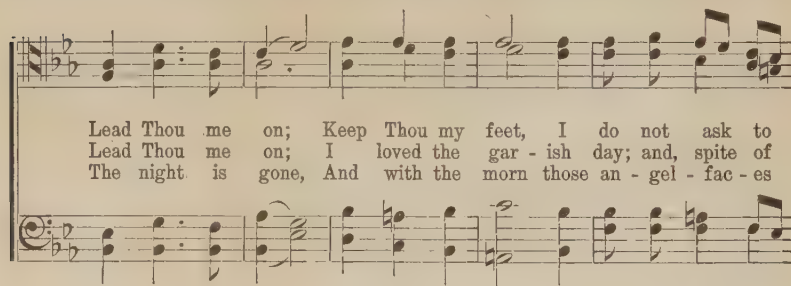
JOHN B. DYKES



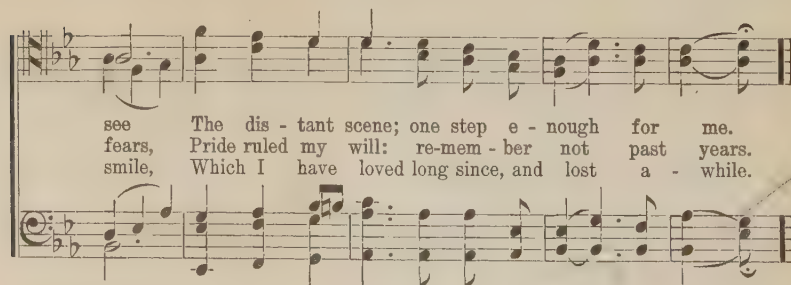
1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - eir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me



on; The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 on O'er moor and fen, /o'er crag and tor - rent, till



Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to
 Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar - ish day; and, spite of
 The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel - fac - es



see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 fears, Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not past years.
 smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

E. L. GOREH

GEO. C. STEBBINS



1. In the se-cret of His presence how my soul de-lights to hide! Oh, how
2. When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of His wing There is
3. On - ly this I know; I tell Him all my doubts, my grief and fears, Oh, how



pre-cious are the les-sons which I learn at Je - sus' side! Earth-ly cares can cool and pleasant shel-ter, and a fresh and crystal spring; And my Saviour pa-tient-ly He list-ens! and my droop-ing soul He cheers; Do you think He



nev - er vex me, nei-ther tri-als lay me low, For when Sa-tan comes to rests be-side me, as we hold communion sweet: If I tried, I could not nev'er reproves me? what a false friend He would be, If He nev - er, nev - er.



tempt me, to the se - cret place I go, To the se - cret place I go.
ut - ter what He says when thus we meet, What He says when thus we meet.
told me of the sins which He must see, Of the sins which He must see.



Christmas Night

Anon.

(Arr. by Frank Damrosch)

FRANZ GRUBER

p

Si - lent night, ho - ly night! All is held in slum - ber's night,

Save the lov - ing, saint - ed pair, Wondrous babe with ra - di - ant hair;

mf *p*

Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.

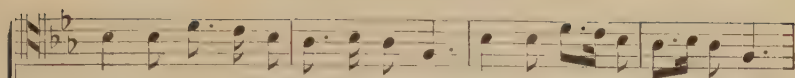
p SOLO OR UNISON.

Si - lent night, ho - ly night! Shep - herds first heard a - right,

pp

Si - lent night, ho - ly night!

Christmas Night



Hal - le - lu - jahs in heav - en - ly sphere; An - gels sang it far and near;



Shep - herds first heard an - gels sing it



Je - sus, the Saviour is here,..... Je - sus, the Saviour is here.



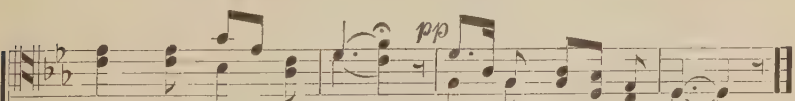
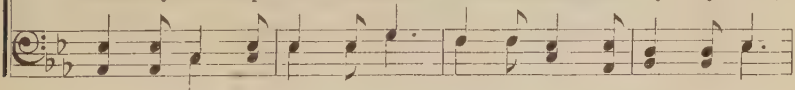
far and near: Je - sus, the Saviour is here,..... is here.



Si - lent night, ho - ly night! Son of God, oh, how bright



Shines Thy love up - on the earth! Thou hast saved us by Thy worth,



Je - sus, by Thy birth, Je - sus, by Thy birth.



27 O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast

ROBERT BURNS

From MENDELSSOHN

Andante.



1. O wert thou in the cauld blast On yon-der lea, on yon-der lea,
2. Or were I in the wild-est waste, Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,



poco cres.



- My plaid-ie to the an-gry airt I'd shel-ter thee, I'd shel-ter thee;
The des-ert were a par-a-dise, If thou wert there, if thou wert there;



sf



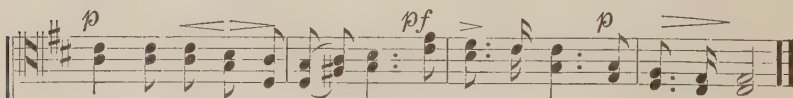
- Or did misfortune's bit-ter storms A-round thee blaw, a-round thee blaw,
Or were I monarch of the globe, With thee to reign, with thee to reign,



p

pf

p



- Thy shield should be my bo-som, To share it a', to share it a'.
The bright-est jew-el in my crown Wad be my Queen, wad be my Queen.

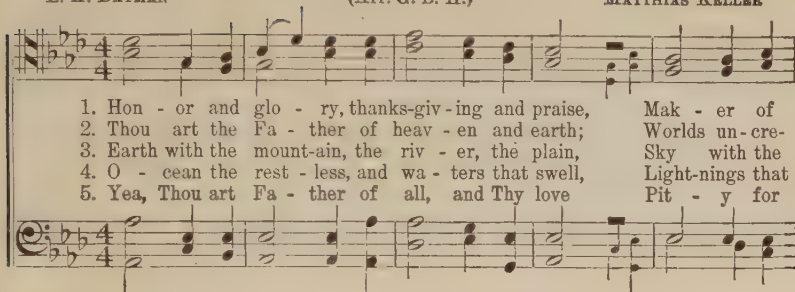


American Hymn

E. A. DAYMAN

(Arr. G. B. H.)

MATTHIAS KELLER



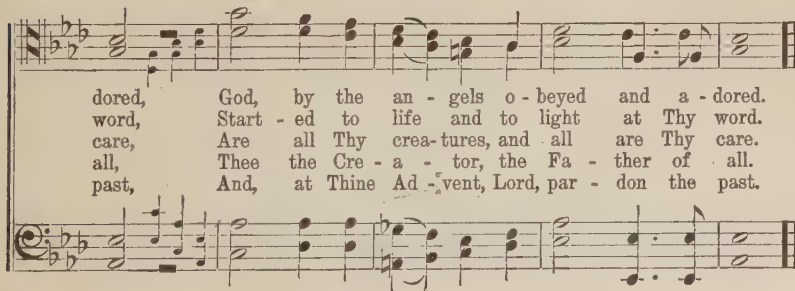
1. Hon - or and glo - ry, thanks-giv - ing and praise, Mak - er of
 2. Thou art the Fa - ther of heav - en and earth; Worlds un - cre -
 3. Earth with the mount - ain, the riv - er, the plain, Sky with the
 4. O - cean the rest - less, and wa - ters that swell, Light - nings that
 5. Yea, Thou art Fa - ther of all, and Thy love Pit - y for



all things, to Thee we up - raise; God, the Al - might - y, the
 a - ted to Thee owe their birth; All the cre - a - tion, Thy
 dew - drop, the wind and the rain, Beast of the for - est, wild
 flash o - ver flood, o - ver fell, Own Thee the Mas - ter Al -
 man that is fall - en doth move; Guide us in life, and pro -



Fa - ther, the Lord; God, by the an - gels o - beyed and a -
 voice when it heard, Start - ed to life and to light at Thy
 bird of the air, All are Thy creatures, and all are Thy
 might - y, and call Thee the Cre - a - tor, the Fa - ther of
 tect to the last; And, at Thine Ad - vent, Lord, par - don the



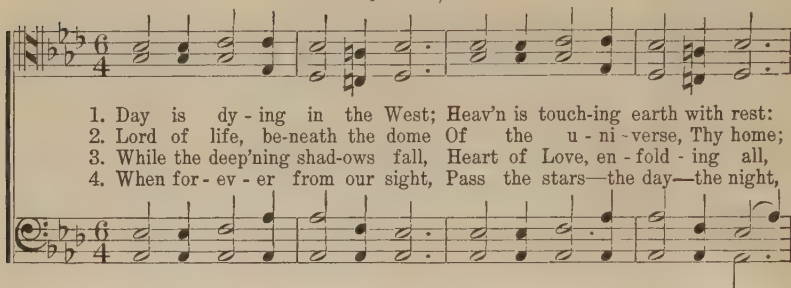
dored, God, by the an - gels o - beyed and a - dored.
 word, Start - ed to life and to light at Thy word.
 care, Are all Thy crea - tures, and all are Thy care.
 all, Thee the Cre - a - tor, the Fa - ther of all.
 past, And, at Thine Ad - vent, Lord, par - don the past.

Day is Dying in the West

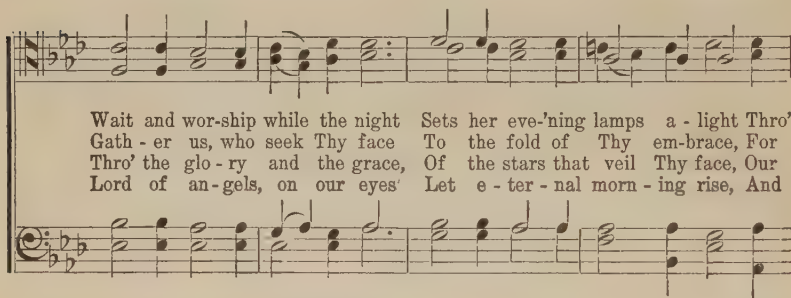
MARY A. LATHBURY

(Melody in 2d Tenor)

WM. F. SHERWIN

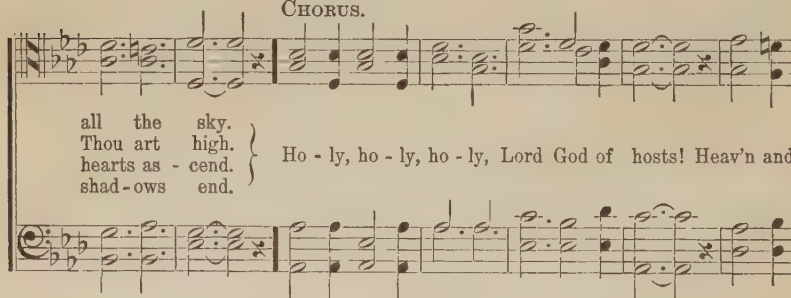


1. Day is dy - ing in the West; Heav'n is touch-ing earth with rest:
 2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home;
 3. While the deep'ning shad-ows fall, Heart of Love, en - fold - ing all,
 4. When for - ev - er from our sight, Pass the stars—the day—the night,

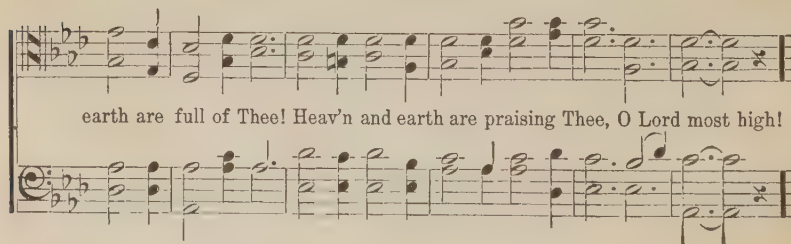


Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a - light Thro'
 Gath - er us, who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy em-brace, For
 Thro' the glo - ry and the grace, Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our
 Lord of an-gels, on our eyes' Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And

CHORUS.



all the sky.
 Thou art high. } Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of hosts! Heav'n and
 hearts as - cend.
 shad - ows end.

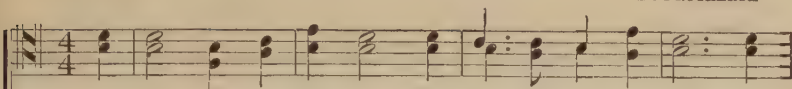


earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high!

Prayer from "The Crusaders"

H. S. NINDE

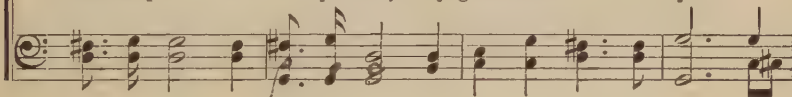
D. PROTHEROE



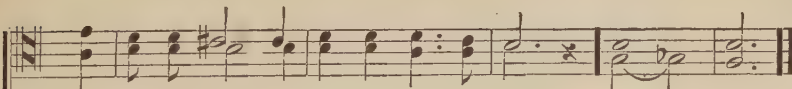
1. O Fa - ther Al - might - y, To Thee Thy chil - dren call; On
 2. Most mer - ci - ful Sa - viour, The Fath - er's on - ly Son; Con -
 3. O Spir - it most ho - ly, Thy gifts of peace and joy Do



bend - ed knee we make our plea, No mer - it claim at all. O
 fess - ing now to Thee we bow, Thou High and Ho - ly One. Our
 Thou im - part to ev - 'ry heart, Thy gifts with - out al - lay. O



deign Thou to hear us; From Thy high throne a - bove Look down on us
 bless - ed Re - deem - er, Who stoop'd with men to live—Died on the cross
 dwell Thou with - in us, Il - lum - in - ate our mind; Help us to keep



with pard'ning love; O save us in Thy love.
 that men might live; O hear us, and for-give.
 a will - ing mind And all Thy ful - ness find. A - men.

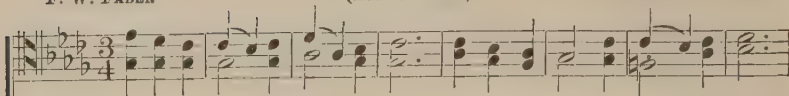


Faith of Our Fathers

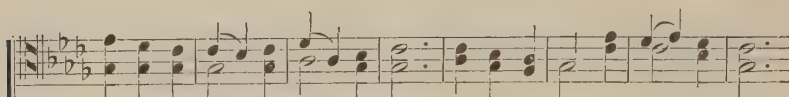
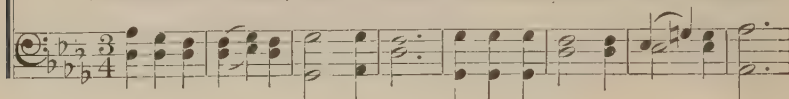
F. W. FABER

(Arr. G. B. H.)

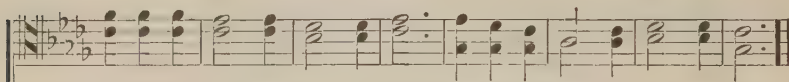
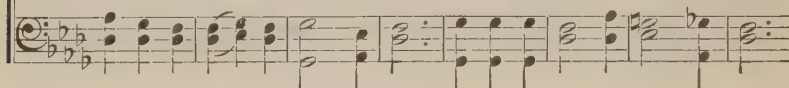
HENRY F. HEMY



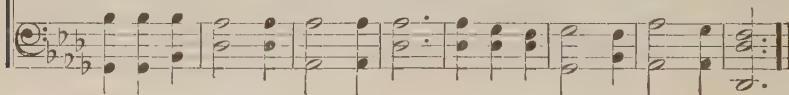
1. Faith of our fa-thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword;
2. Our fathers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fa-thers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all na - tions win for thee;
4. Faith of our fa-thers, we will love, Both friend and foe in all our strife,



O how our hearts beat high with joy, When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word:
 How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them could die for thee!
 And thro' the truth that comes from God Mankind shall then be tru - ly free.
 And preach thee too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life.



Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
 Faith of our fa-thers, ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death.
 Faith of our fa-thers, ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death.
 Faith of our fa-thers, ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death.



Anniversary Hymn

GEORGE A. WARBURTON

Tune, FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. For all that Thou, O Lord, hast wrought, | 2. For those who here have found a rest |
| In lifting up the life of men; | From weariness, or ease from pain; |
| For every wanderer love has brought | For every effort Thou hast blest, |
| Back to the Shepherd's fold again; | For burdened hearts which sing again; |
| Our hearts would render praise to Thee, | We all would render praise to Thee, |
| Our Saviour, Man of Galilee. | Our Saviour, Man of Galilee. |

Anniversary Hymn

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3 That here the stranger finds a home,
 Where friends in social converse meet;
 And those who seek for knowledge come,
 Perchance to find it at Thy feet;
 We join in giving praise to Thee,
 Our Saviour, Man of Galilee.</p> | <p>4 For guidance in the future years,
 And blessings richer, deeper still;
 And love to share each other's tears,
 For quick discernment of Thy will:—
 Our hearts look up, O Lord, to Thee,
 Our Saviour, Man of Galilee.</p> |
|---|---|

33 Heaven is My Home

T. R. TAYLOR

(Melody largely in 2d Tenor)

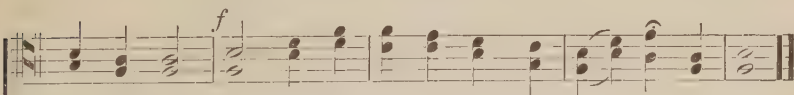
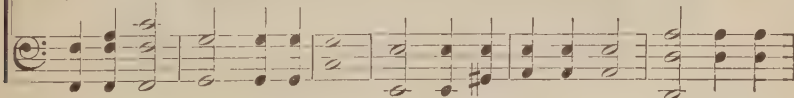
GEO. B. HODGE



- | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. I'm but a stran-ger here, | Heav'n is my home; Earth is a |
| 2. What tho' the tem-pest rage? | Heav'n is my home; Short is my |
| 3. There at my Sa-viour's side, | Heav'n is my home; I shall be |



des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home; Dan - ger and sor-row stand Round me on
 pil-grim-age, Heav'n is my home; Time's threat'ning, win-try blast Soon will be
 glo-ri-fied, Heav'n is my home; There are the good and blest, Those I love



ev - 'ry hand; Heav'n is my Fa-ther-land, Yes, Heav'n is my home.
 o - ver - past; I shall reach home at last, Yes, Heav'n is my home.
 most and best; There, too, I soon shall rest, Yes, Heav'n is my home.

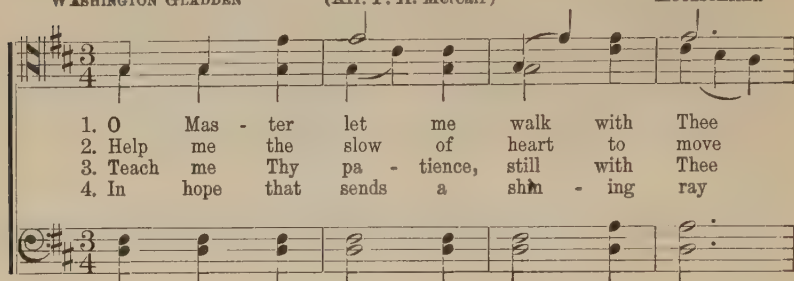


34 O Master Let Me Walk With Thee

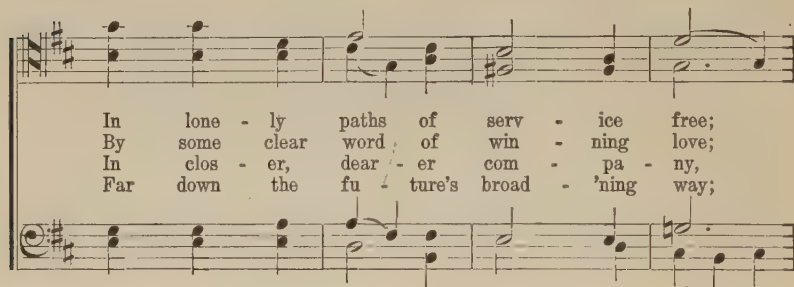
WASHINGTON GLADDEN

(Arr. P. H. Metcalf)

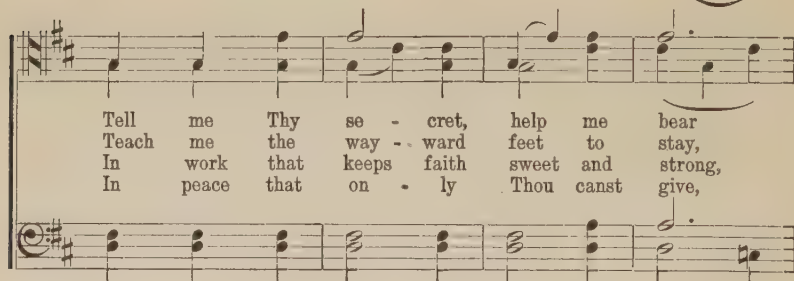
KOTZSCHMAR



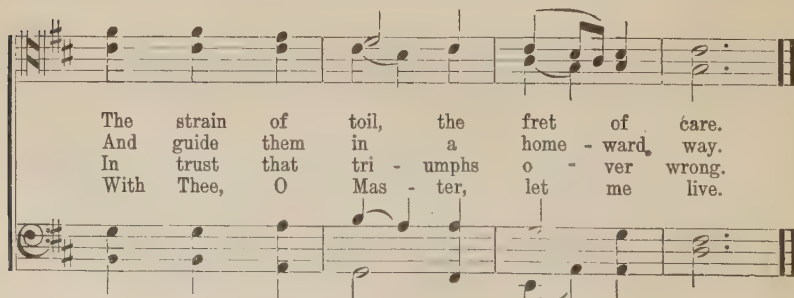
1. O Mas - ter let me walk with Thee
 2. Help me the slow of heart to move
 3. Teach me Thy pa - tience, still with Thee
 4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray



In lone - ly paths of serv - ice free;
 By some clear word of win - ning love;
 In clos - er, dear - er com - pa - ny,
 Far down the fu - ture's broad - 'ning way;



Tell me Thy se - cret, help me bear
 Teach me the way - ward feet to stay,
 In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
 In peace that on - ly Thou canst give,



The strain of toil, the fret of care.
 And guide them in a home - ward way.
 In trust that tri - umphs o - ver wrong.
 With Thee, O Mas - ter, let me live.

Something Whispers

(Duet, 1st Tenor and 1st Bass with Chorus)

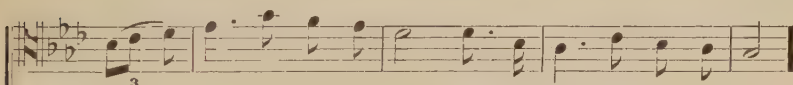
E. E. HEWITT

(Arr. G. B. H.)

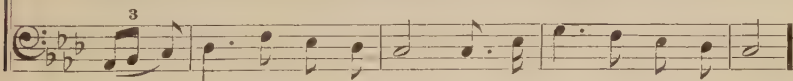
W. H. DOANE

Slow.

1. Some-thing whis-pers in my soul: Let the Sa - viour take con - trol,
2. As the night from dawning day, So my fears will flee a - way,
3. Led by love's constraining call, I will yield to Him my all;
4. When, a - mid the ransom'd throng, I shall join the hap - py song,



On - ly He can make me whole, Je - sus bled and died for me.
 When my hap - py heart can say, Je - sus bled and died for me.
 Sing - ing till life's e - ven - tide, Je - sus bled and died for me.
 Which e - ter - nal years pro-long, Je - sus bled and died for me.



CHORUS.



Some-thing whis-pers in my soul, Let the Sa-viour have con - trol,

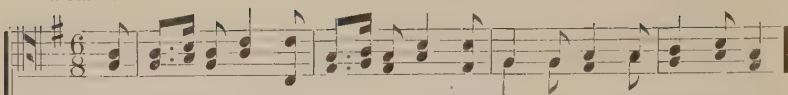


rit.
 I will seek His mer-cy full and free, Je - sus bled and died for me.

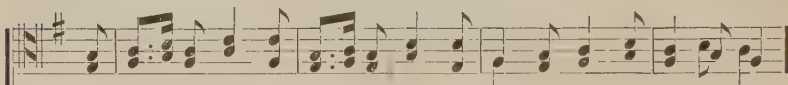
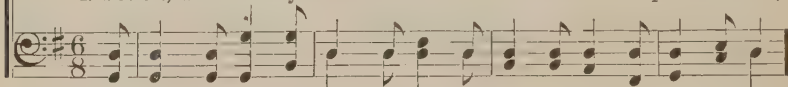


WORDSWORTH

MOZART



1. I wan-der'd lone-ly as a cloud That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
2. Con-tin-u-ous as the stars that shine And twink-le on the milk-y way,
3. The waves beside them danced, but they Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
4. For oft, when on my couch I lie In va-cant-or in pen-sive mood,



When all at once I saw a crowd, A host of gold-en daf-fo-dils,
 They stretched in nev-er-end-ing line A-long the mar-gin of a bay:
 A po-et could not but be gay In such a jo-cund com-pa-ny!
 They flash up-on that in-ward eye Which is the bliss of sol-i-tude;



Be-side the lake, be-neath the trees, Flut'-tring and danc-ing
 Ten thou-sand saw I at a glance Toss-ing their heads in
 I gazed and gazed but lit-tle thought What wealth the show to
 And then my heart with pleas-ure fills, And danc-es with the



in the breeze; Flut-t'ring and danc-ing in the breeze.
 spright-ly dance; Toss-ing their heads in spright-ly dance.
 me had brought; What wealth the show to me had brought.
 daf-fo-dils; And danc-es with the daf-fo-dils.



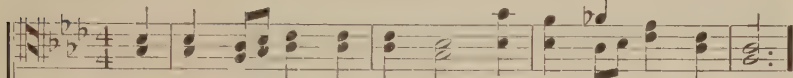
○ Jesus, Thou art Standing

(Melody very largely in 2d Tenor)

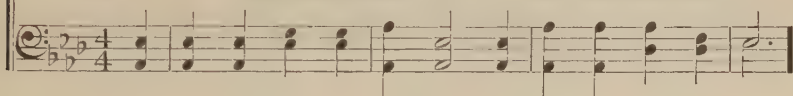
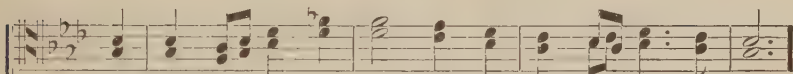
W. W. How

(Arr. G. B. H.)

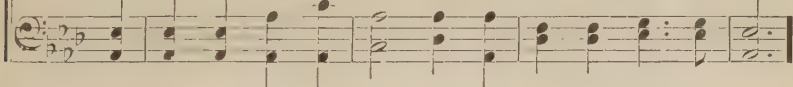
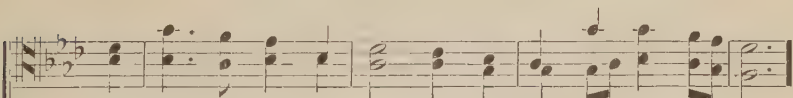
JUSTUS H. KNECHT



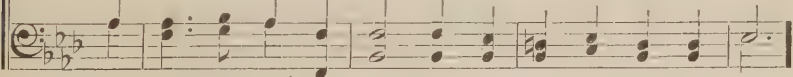

1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - closed door,
 2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock - ing: And lo! that hand is scarred,
 3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead - ing In ac - cents meek and low,


In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er:
 And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred:
 "I died for you, My chil - dren, And will ye treat Me so?"

We bear the name of Chris - tian, His name and sign we bear:
 O love that pass - eth knowl - edge, So pa - tient - ly to wait!
 O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door:

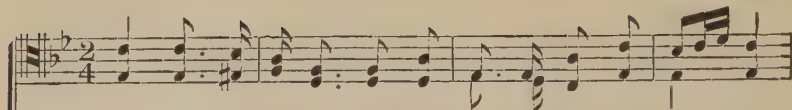
O shame, thrice shame up - on us! To keep Him stand - ing there.
 O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
 Dear Sa - viour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er more!



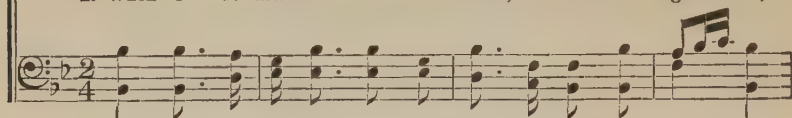
Oft in the Stilly Night

THOS. MOORE

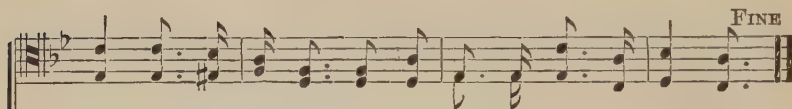
J. STEVENSON



1. Oft in the stil - ly night, ere slum - ber's chain hath bound me,
2. When I re - mem - ber all the friends, so linked to - geth - er,



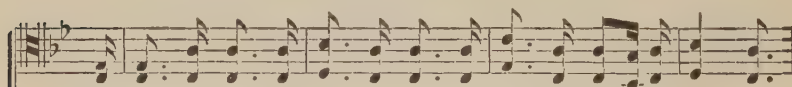
Thus, in the stil - ly night, ere slum - ber's chain hath bound me;



Fond mem - 'ry brings the light of oth - er days a - round me,
I've seen a - round me fall, like leaves in win - t'ry weath - er,



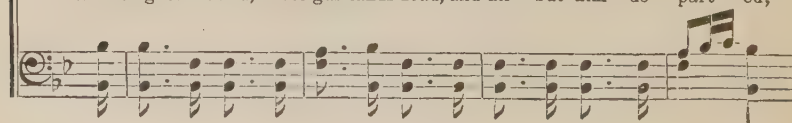
Sad mem - 'ry brings the light of oth - er days a - round me



The smiles, the tears, of child-hood's years, the words of love then spok - en,
I feel like one who treads a - lone some ban - quet hall de - sert - ed,



The eyes that shone, now dim'd and gone, the cheer - ful hearts now brok - en;
Whose lights are fled, whose gar - lands dead, and all but him de - part - ed;

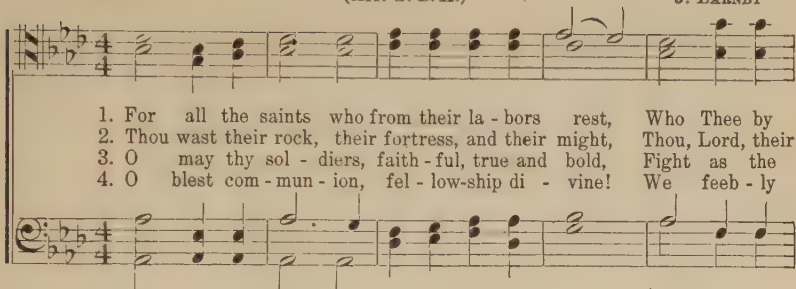


For All the Saints

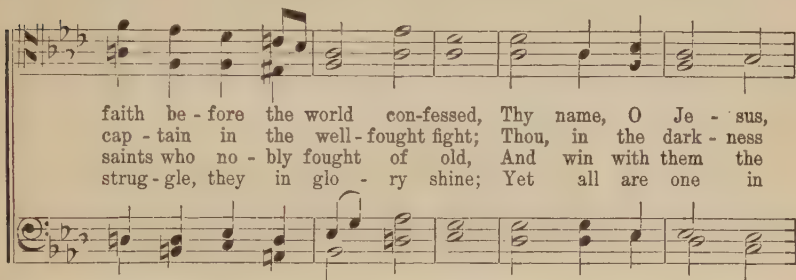
W. W. How

(Arr. G. B. H.)

J. BARNBY



1. For all the saints who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by
 2. Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might, Thou, Lord, their
 3. O may thy sol - diers, faith - ful, true and bold, Fight as the
 4. O blest com - mun - ion, fel - low-ship di - vine! We feeb - ly



faith be - fore the world con-fessed, Thy name, O Je - sus,
 cap - tain in the well-fought fight; Thou, in the dark - ness
 saints who no - bly fought of old, And win with them the
 strug - gle, they in glo - ry shine; Yet all are one in



be for - ev - er blest. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 drear, their one true light. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 vic - tor's crown of gold. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 Thee, for all are Thine. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

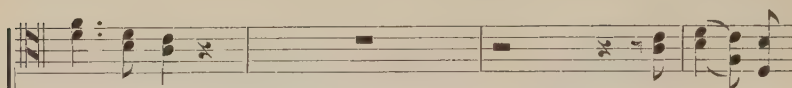
- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes Thy rest;
 Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
- 7 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
 The King of glory passes on His way.
- 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast
 Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
 Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

The Chapel

CONRADIN KREUTZER



1. What beams so bright from the mount-ain height, A - midst the stars of the
2. Who breaks the sleep of the si - lent hour, With songs so sol - emn of
3. What sound comes down wafted on the gale, In meas-ured beat thro' the



so - ber night? What beams so bright from the mountain height, A - midst the
depth and pow'r? Who breaks the sleep of the si - lent hour, With songs so
mist - y vale? What sound comes down waft-ed on the gale, In meas-ured



stars of the so - ber night? 'Tis the light on the ho - ly
sol - emn of depth and pow'r? 'Tis the ho - ly choir in the
beat thro' the mist - y vale? 'Tis the sig - nal bell to the



chap - el wall, In - vit - ing the pil-grim to pray in its hall; 'Tis the
hymn of even, Now chant-ing their praise to their God in heav'n; 'Tis the
wand'-ring guest, Now call-ing the wea - ried pil-grim to rest; 'Tis the



The Chapel

light on the ho - ly chap - el wall, In - vit - ing the pil-grim to
ho - ly choir in the hymn of even, Now chanting their praise to their
sig - nal bell to the wand'ring guest, Now call - ing the wea - ried

pray in its hall, In - vit - ing the pil - grim to pray in its hall.
God in heav'n, Now chant-ing their praise to their God in heav'n.
pil - grim to rest, Now call - ing the wea - ried pil - grim to rest.

41

Now the Day is Over

S. BARING-GOULD

HUBERT P. MAIN

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry, Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Thro' the long night watch - es, May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise
5. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove us, Watch-ing round each bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
And to Thee, blest Spir - it, Whilst all a - ges run.

Only Remembered

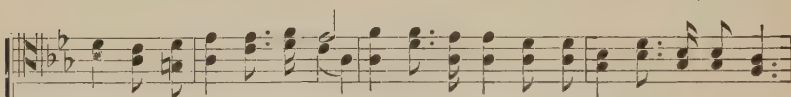
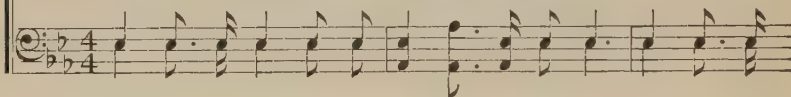
H. BONAR

(Arr. G. B. H.)

Anon.



1. Fad - ing a-way like the stars of the morn-ing, Los - ing their
2. Shall we be missed, though by oth - ers suc - ceed - ed, Reap-ing the
3. On - ly the truth that in life we have spo - ken, On - ly the



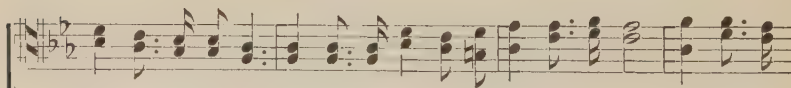
light in the glo - ri - ous sun—Thus would we pass from the earth and its toiling,
fields we in springtime have sown? No, for the sow-ers may pass from their labors,
seed that on earth we have sown; These shall pass onward when we are forgotten,



REFRAIN.



On - ly re-mem-bered by what we have done. }
 On - ly re-mem-bered by what they have done. } On - ly remembered,
 Fruits of the har - vest and what we have done. }



on - ly remembered, On - ly remembered by what we have done; Thus would we



Only Remembered

pass from the earth and its toiling, On - ly remembered by what we have done.

43

Cottage Song

(Melody in 1st Bass)

KLETKI & BUCK

(Arr. G. B. H.)

BALDAMUS

1. There is not a cot-tage, how poor so e'er But spring may
2. There is not a cot-tage, how poor so e'er A sweet song
3. A flow - er I plucked from a grave most dear, O sing sweet

come and en - ter there, Sow - ing in dust or in
bird may nes - tle there, Sing - ing of days in
bird thy notes so clear; Tears dim my eyes and my

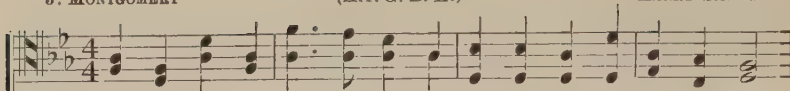
dark de - cay Good seed that will blos - som some fair day.
youth's fair morn And wak - en - ing peace in hearts for - lorn.
heart is stirred, O sing, sweet bird, O sing, sweet bird.

Regent Square

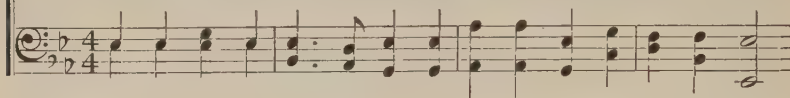
J. MONTGOMERY

(Arr. G. B. H.)

HENRY SMART



1. An - gels from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
2. Shepherds in the field a - bid - ing, Watching o'er your flocks by night,
3. Sa - ges, leave your con - tem - pla - tions, Bright - er vis - ions beam a - far;
4. Saints be - fore the al - tar bend - ing, Watching long in hope and fear,



Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth:
 God with man is now re - sid - ing; Yon - der shines the in - fant light.
 Seek the great De - sire of na tions; Ye have seen His na - tal star.
 Sud - den - ly the Lord, de - scend - ing, In His tem - ple shall ap - pear.



Come and wor-ship, come and wor-ship,—Worship Christ, the new-born King.

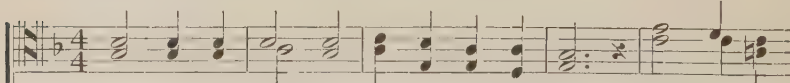


Spirit of God Descend

GEORGE CROLY

(Arr. G. C. S.)

Anon.



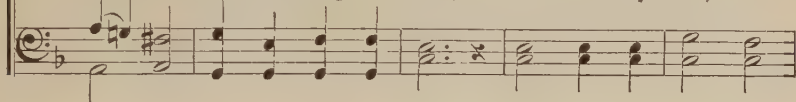
1. Spir - it of God, de - scend up - on my heart; Wean it from
2. I ask no dream, no pro - phet ec - sta - sies, No sud - den
3. Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King? All, all Thine



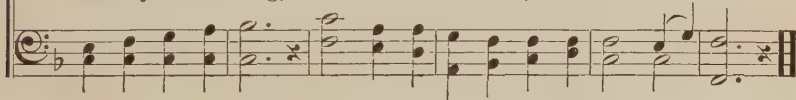
Spirit of God Descend



earth; through all its puls - es move; Stoop to my weak - ness,
rend - ing of the veil of clay, No an - gel vis - i -
own, soul, heart, and strength and mind; I see Thy cross; there



might y as Thou art, And make me love Thee as I ought to love.
tant, no opening skies; But take the dim - ness of my soul a - way.
teach my heart to cling; O let me seek Thee, and O let me find!

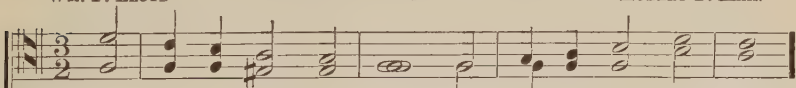


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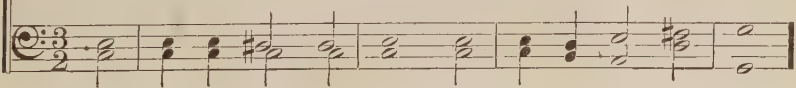
Submission S. M.

WM. F. LLOYD

HUBERT P. MAIN



1. "My times are in Thy hand," My God! I wish them there:
2. "My times are in Thy hand," What - ev - er they may be;
3. "My times are in Thy hand," Why should I doubt or fear?
4. "My times are in Thy hand," Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied!



My life, my soul, my all, I leave En - tire - ly to Thy care.
Pleas - ing or pain - ful, dark or bright, As best may seem to Thee.
My Fa - ther's hand wilt nev - er cause His child a need - less tear.
The hand my cru - el sins had pierced Is now my guard and guide.

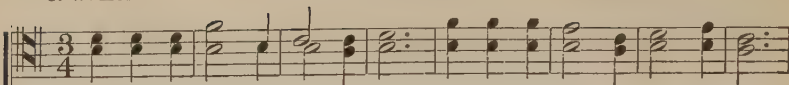


Divine Love

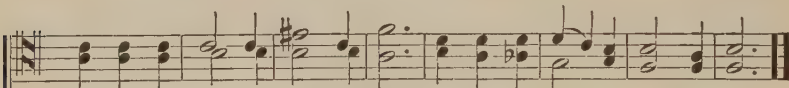
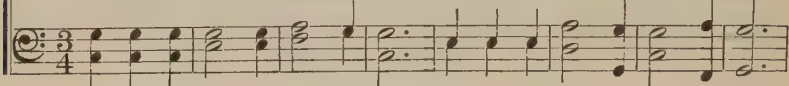
O. W. HOLMES

(Arr. G. B. H.)

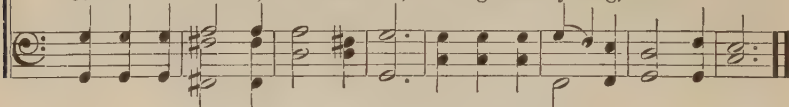
HENRY W. BAKER



1. O Love di-vine, that stoop'd to share Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
2. Though long the weary way we tread, And sorrow crown each lingering year,
3. When drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear,
4. On Thee we fling our burdening woe, O Love di-vine, for-ev - er dear!



On Thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at pain while Thou art near.
 No path we shun, no dark-ness dread, Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.
 The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf, Shall softly tell us Thou art near.
 Content to suf-fer, while we know, Liv-ing and dy-ing, Thou art near.

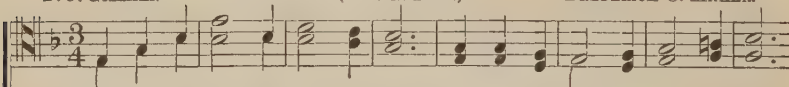


God Send Us Men

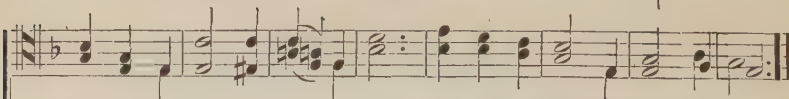
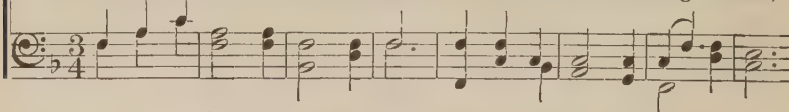
F. J. GILLMAN

(Arr. G. B. H.)

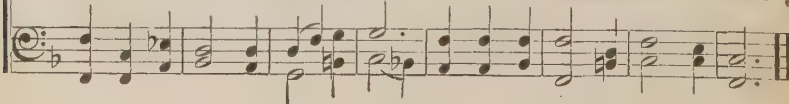
FREDERICK C. MAKER.



1. God send us men whose aim 'twill be, Not to defend some worn-out creed,
2. God send us men a-ler't and quick, His loft-y pre-cepts to translate,
3. God send us men! God send us men! Pa-tient, cour-age-ous, strong and true,
4. God send us men with hearts a-blaze, Ail truth to love, all wrong to hate;



But to live out the laws of Christ In every thought and word and deed.
 Un - til the laws of Christ be-come The laws and hab-its of the State.
 With vis-ion clear and mind equipped, His will to learn, His work to do.
 These are the patriots na-tions need, These are the bulwarks of the State.



God's Peace I'll Know.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. If kneel-ing at the gate of pray'r, My soul has laid its bur-den there; If
 2. If dear to me the sa-cred page, The lamp of youth, the staff of age, If
 3. If pa-tient faith my heart in-spire And kin-dle there de-vo-tion's fire, If
 4. If pure in spir-it I be-hold A wealth whose joy has ne'er been told, If

sealed with blood and cleansed from sin I hear a voice that speaks with-in...
 on the rock I stand se-cure, My hope unmoved, my anchor sure.
 trust-ing on, from day to day I learn to wait, believe, o-bey....
 faith and work with me a-bide And I thro' faith am jus-ti-fied....

REFRAIN.

God's peace I'll know, God's peace I'll know, I'll praise His name where'er I

go; In storm or calm, in bliss or woe, In life or

death, in life or death God's peace, God's peace I'll know.

The Little Brown Church

W. S. P. Alt.

(Melody in 2d Tenor)

Dr. WILLIAM S. PITTS

1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, No
2. O come to the church in the wild - wood, Where the
3. We may hear in the calm sum - mer morn - ing The
4. It was here in the church in the wild - wood That we
5. O the lit - tle brown church in the wild - wood, With the

The first system of musical notation for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the staff, aligned with the notes.

low - li - er spot in the vale;	No place was so dear to our
flow-ers are bloom-ing so fair;	Come list to the songs of our
tones of the clear-ring-ing bell;	How ten - der - ly sweet is the
knelt with our moth-er in pray'r	In the long - a - go days of
clust-er-ing vine at the door;	O the songs that were dear to our

crust-er-ing me at the door, O the songs that were dear to our

The first system of musical notation for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of the following notes: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), Bb4 (quarter), A4-G4 (beamed eighth notes), F4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half). The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

child - hood—As the lit - tle brown church in the dale.
 child - hood—No - where else do they sing them as there.
 warn - ing As it calls to the church in the dell.
 child - hood—Come and meet her in mem - o - ry there.
 child - hood—Let us sing them to - geth - er once more.

and - hood. Let us sing them to - geth - er once more.

CHORUS.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The first measure contains a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Come to the church in the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale;

Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come:

[illegible]

The Little Brown Church

No spot is so dear to my childhood As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.

51

Strong Lads of Labor

J. BEULIE

(Arr. G. B. H.)

THOS. HASTINGS

1. Let oth - ers pro - claim the bold son of war's fame, And
2. Let mon - arch - ies boast of the walls on their coast, To
3. The sword, tongue or pen, with good minds and good men, May
4. Then send the shout home, to the sky's loft - y dome, Be each

the he-ros of can - non and sa - ber, A song let us sing, and a -
ward off a threat - en - ing neigh - bor, But a na - tion's true pow'r, in
each prove a ver - y good neigh - bor, But in war, plague or pan - ic, their
man to man, broth - er and neigh - bor, Sing the plow, plane and plumb, trowel,

round let it ring, In the praise of the strong lads of la - bor.
dan - ger's dark hour, Ex - ists in her strong lads of la - bor.
shield's the me - chan - ic, And the aid of the strong sons of la - bor.
ham - mer and loom, And re - ward to the strong sons of la - bor.

Publish Glad Tidings

MARY A. THOMPSON

(Arr. G. B. H.)

JAMES WALCH

1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis - sion high ful - fill - ing,
 2. Be - hold how man - y thou - sands still are ly - ing
 3. 'Tis thine to save from per - il or per - di - tion
 4. Pro - claim to ev - 'ry peo - ple, tongue, and na - tion
 5. Give of thy sons to bear the mes - sage glo - rious;

To tell to all the world that God is Light; That He who
 Bound in the dark - some pris - on - house of sin, With none to
 The souls for whom the Lord His life laid down; Be - ware lest,
 That God, in Whom they live and move, is love: Tell how He
 Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way; Pour out thy

made all na - tions is not will - ing One soul should
 tell them of the Sa - viour's dy - ing. Or of the
 sloth - ful to ful - fil thy mis - sion, Thou lose one
 stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion, And died on
 soul for them in pray'r vic - to - rious; And all Thou

CHORUS.

per - ish, lost in shades of night.
 life He died for them to win.
 jew - el that should deck His crown.
 earth that man might live a - bove.
 spend - est, Je - sus will re - pay.

Pub - lish glad ti - dings;

Ti-dings of peace; Ti-dings of Je-sus, Re-demp-tion and re-lease.

53 Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life

F. MASON NORTH

(Arr. G. B. H.)

L. VAN BEETHOVEN

1. Where cross the crowded ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan,
 2. In haunts of wretch-ed-ness and need, On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
 3. From ten-der childhood's help-less-ness, From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
 4. The cup of wa - ter giv'n for Thee Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;

A - bove the noise of sel - fish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man.
 From paths where hide the lures of greed, We catch the vision of Thy tears.
 From famished souls, from sorrow's stress, Thy heart 'as never known re-coil.
 Yet long these mul-ti-tudes to see The sweet compassion of Thy face.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 5 O Master, from the mountain side, | 6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love |
| Make haste to heal these hearts of pain, | And follow where Thy feet have trod: |
| Among these restless throngs abide, | Till glorious from Thy heaven above |
| O tread the city's streets again, | Shall come the city of our God. |

Hark! Hark, My Soul

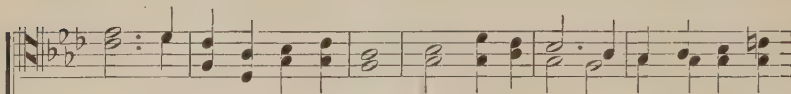
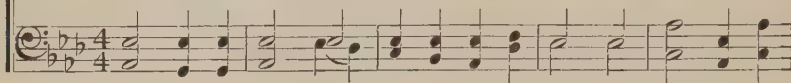
F. W. FABER

(Arr. G. B. H.)

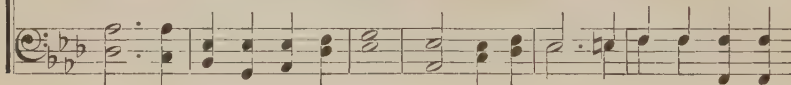
HENRY SMART



1. Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of
4. An - gels, sing on, your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing; Sing us sweet



fields and ocean's wavebeat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are
souls, for Je - sus bids you come," And thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly
Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea; And ladened souls, by thousands meek - ly
fragments of the songs a - bove; Till morning's joy shall end the night of



CHORUS.



tell - ing	Of that new life when sin shall be no more.	} An - gels of
ring - ing,	The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.	
steal - ing,	Kind Shepherd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee.	
weep - ing,	And life's long shadows break in cloud - less love.	



Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims of the night.



II Long for Thee

J. W. HÆRTEL

*Andantino.**mf*

1. I long for thee, I long for thee! In si-lent night, when
 2. I long for thee, I long for thee! When morning breaks in

>
 I long,
 I long,

bright the stars are shin-ing, I wan-der by their ten-der
 ro-sy light a-bout me, I wan-der by
 And once a-gain my heart a-
 And once a-gain

I wan-der by their ten-der
 And once a-gain my heart a-

light, for thee my dar-ling, pi-ning, Wait-est thou me? I
 wakes to jour-ney on with-out thee, Lov-est thou me? I

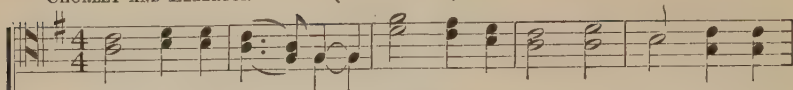
mf
 I long, I
 I long, I

long for thee! Wait-est thou me? I long, I long for thee.
 long for thee! Lov-est thou me? I long, I long for thee.

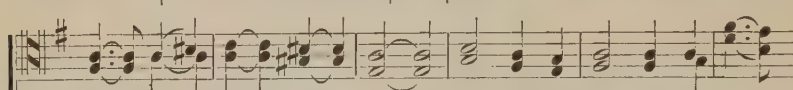
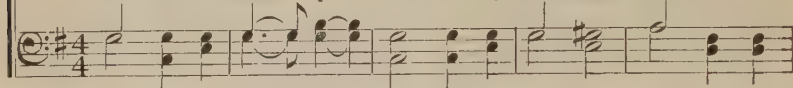
CHORLEY AND ELLERTON

(Arr. G. B. H.)

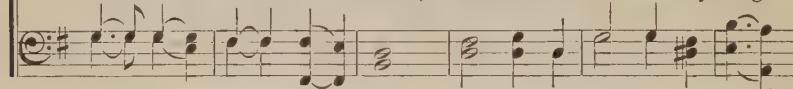
ALEX. LWOFF



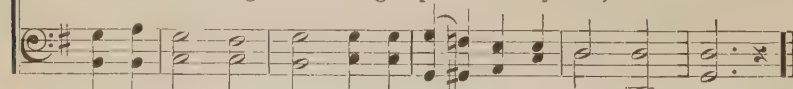
1. God the All-mer-ci-ful! earth hath for-sak-en Thy ways of
 2. God the All-right-eous One! man hath de-fied Thee; Yet to e-
 3. God the All-pit-i-ful! is it not cry-ing—Blood of the
 4. God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening, Earth shall to



- bles-sed-ness, slight-ed Thy word; Bid not Thy wrath in its ter-
 ter-ni-ty stand-eth Thy word; Falsehood and wrong shall not tar-
 guilt-less, like wa-ter out-poured? Look on the an-guish, the sor-
 free-dom and truth be re-stored; Thro' the thick dark-ness Thy king-



- rors a-wak-en; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
 ry be-side Thee: Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
 row, the sigh-ing: Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
 dom is hast-'ning: Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord!



57 I know That My Redeemer Lives

CHARLES WESLEY

(Arr. G. B. H.)

G. F. HANDEL



1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And ev-er prays for me;
 2. I find Him lift-ing up my head; He brings sal-va-tion near;
 3. He wills that I should ho-ly be; What can with-stand His will?
 4. When God is mine, and I am His, Of par-a-dise pos-sessed,



I Know That My Redeemer Lives

A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
His pres - ence makes me free in - deed, And He will soon ap - pear.
The coun - sel of His grace in me He sure - ly shall ful - fil.
I taste un - ut - ter - a - ble bliss And ev - er - last - ing rest.

58

The Dear Old Town

F. SILCHER

1. Home of youth from thee I wand - er, Hum - ble
2 To that home my heart is cling - ing, Home I
3. Oth - er towns may kind - ly greet me, Oth - er
4. Let me wan - der sad and lone - ly, Days la -

roof and low - ly street, Fa - ther, moth - er leav - ing yon - der,
ne'er may see a - gain, Hear my com - rades gai - ly sing - ing,
com - rades young and gay, Oth - er maid - ens smil - ing meet me,
ment - ing that are gone, Dream - ing of one dwell - ing on - ly,

And a weep - ing maid - en sweet, And a weep - ing maid - en sweet!
But that song is false and vain, But that song is false and vain.
While that one is far a - way, While that one is far a - way!
And one maid - en, one a - lone, And one maid - en, one a - lone!

Christ and the City

MARCUS D. BUELL

(Arr. C. F. Jones)

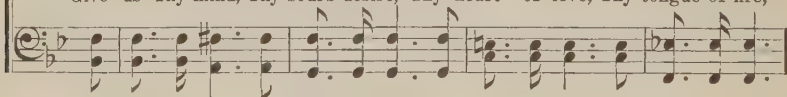
Mrs. M. D. BUELL



1. From i - vied walls a - bove the town The Prophets' school is look - ing down
2. What mean, O Lord. Thy groans and sighs And glistening tears that fill Thine eyes?
3. What buildings, Master, tow'rs and domes, Brave marble halls and state - ly homes!
4. "Go tell the toil - ing mul - ti - tude That life is more than dai - ly food;
5. "My life, my joy, my peace I give, As in the branch the vine doth live;
6. O Son of Man! O Son of God! Whose love bought all men on the rood,



And list - ning to the hu - man din From marts and streets and homes of men:
 "Com - pas - sion on the mul - ti - tude Whom I would gath - er as a brood,
 "These all shall van - ish, stone for stone, But not my king - dom and my throne.
 Tell blind - ed men I am the Way, The Truth the Life. Go not a - stray
 And greater works than mine they'll do, Be - cause I to the Fa - ther go
 Give us Thy mind, Thy soul's desire, Thy heart of love, Thy tongue of fire,



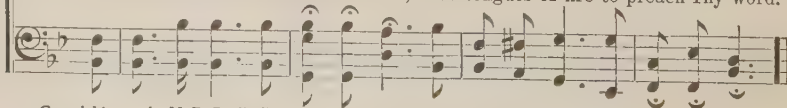
As Je - sus viewed with yearning deep, Je - ru - sa - lem from O - live's steep.
 And save from sin and woe and strife, And give to them e - ter - nal life."
 I build my Church, the gates of hell Against my Church shall not prevail."
 Like sheep. I am the shepherd good Who for their souls poured out his blood."
 And, lift - ed up up - on the tree, Will I draw all men un - to me."
 That we Thy gos - pel may pro - claim To ev - 'ry man in Thy great name!



REFRAIN.



O cru - ci - fied and ris - en Lord, Give tongues of fire to preach Thy word.

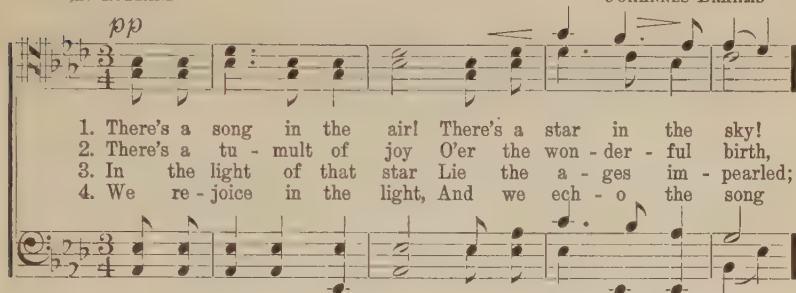


There's a Song in the Air

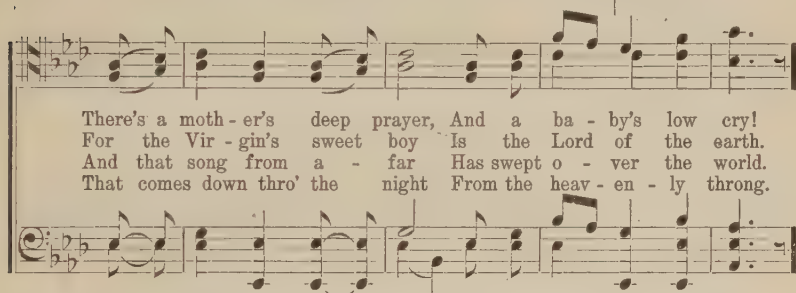
J. G. HOLLAND

JOHANNES BRAHMS

pp

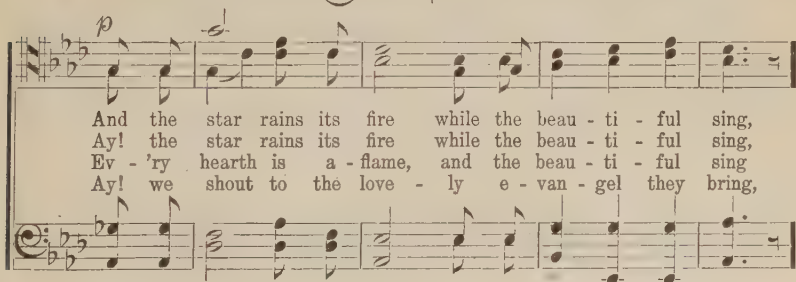


1. There's a song in the air! There's a star in the sky!
 2. There's a tu - mult of joy O'er the won - der - ful birth,
 3. In the light of that star Lie the a - ges im - pearled;
 4. We re - joice in the light, And we ech - o the song



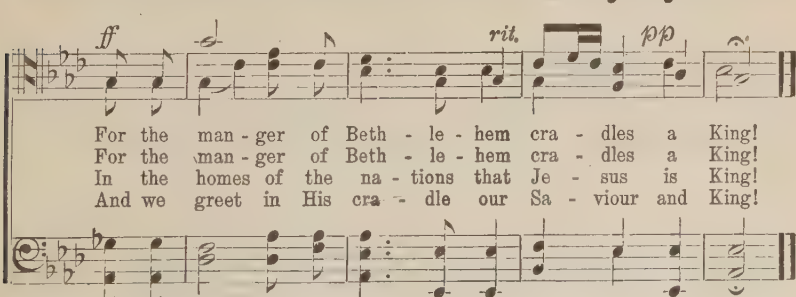
There's a moth - er's deep prayer, And a ba - by's low cry!
 For the Vir - gin's sweet boy Is the Lord of the earth.
 And that song from a - far Has swept o - ver the world.
 That comes down thro' the night From the heav - en - ly throng.

p



And the star rains its fire while the beau - ti - ful sing,
 Ay! the star rains its fire while the beau - ti - ful sing,
 Ev - 'ry hearth is a - flame, and the beau - ti - ful sing
 Ay! we shout to the love - ly e - van - gel they bring,

ff *rit.* *pp*



For the man - ger of Beth - le - hem cra - dles a King!
 For the man - ger of Beth - le - hem cra - dles a King!
 In the homes of the na - tions that Je - sus is King!
 And we greet in His cra - dle our Sa - viour and King!

Sweet and Low

ALFRED TENNYSON

(Arr. G. B. H.)

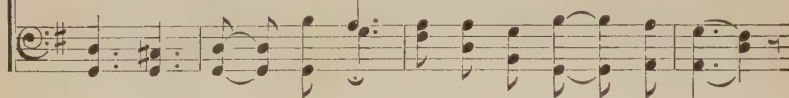
JOSEPH BARNEY



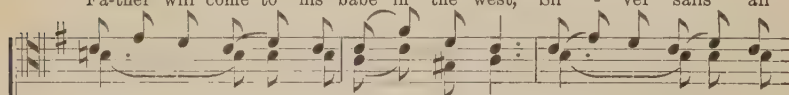
1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea,
 2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;



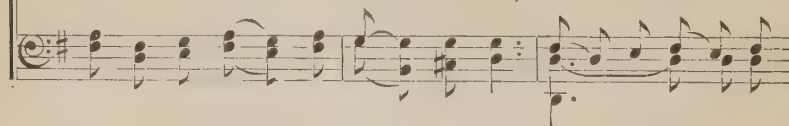
Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea!
 Rest, rest, on moth-er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;



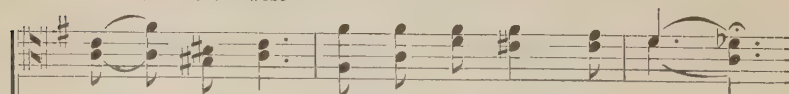
O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing
 Fa - ther will come to his babe in the west, Sil - ver sails all



O - ver the wa - ters go, Come..... from the
 Fa - ther will come to his babe, Sil - ver sails



moon, and blow,
 out of the west



moon, and blow, Blow him a - gain to me;.....
 out of the west Un - der the sil - ver moon:.....



Sweet and Low

While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one, sleeps.....
 Sleep my lit - tle one, sleep my pret - ty one, sleep.....

62

Dear Lord and Father

JOHN G. WHITTIER

(Arr. G. B. H.)

F. C. MAKER

1. Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man - kind, For - give our fev - erish
 2. In sim - ple trust like theirs who heard, Be - side the Sy - rian
 3. O Sab - bath rest by Gal - i - lee! O calm of hills a -
 4. Drop Thy still dews of qui - et - ness, Till all our striv - ings
 5. Breathe thro' the heats of our de - sire Thy cool - ness and Thy

ways; Re - clothe us in our right - ful mind; In pur - er
 sea, The gra - cious call - ing of the Lord, Let us, like
 dove! Where Je - sus knelt to share with Thee The si - lence
 cease; Take from our souls the strain and stress, And let our
 balm; Let sense be dumb, let flesh re - tire: Speak thro' the

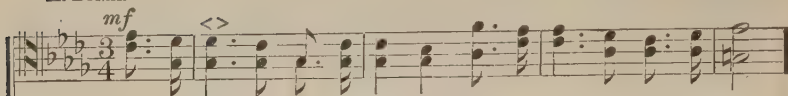
lives Thy serv - ice find, In deep - er rev - 'rence, praise.
 them, with - out a word, Rise up and fol - low Thee.
 of e - ter - ni - ty, In - ter - pret - ed by love.
 or - dered lives con - fess - The beau - ty of Thy peace.
 earth-quake, wind and fire, O still small voice of calm!

Light of Life

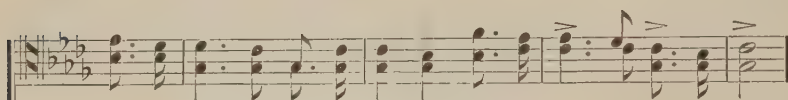
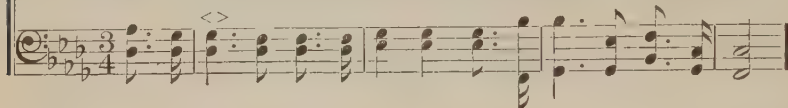
(Arranged for and sung by the Amphion Quartet.)

H. BONAR

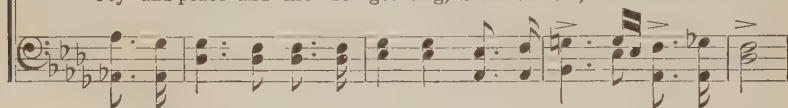
GEO. C. STEBBINS



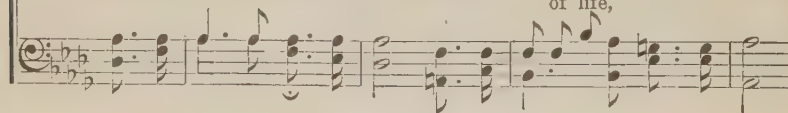
1. Light of life, so soft - ly shin - ing From the cross on Cal - va - ry;
2. Light of life that knows no fad - ing, From all chang - es Thou art free;
3. Light of life, that knows no set - ting, Day and night Thy beams I see;



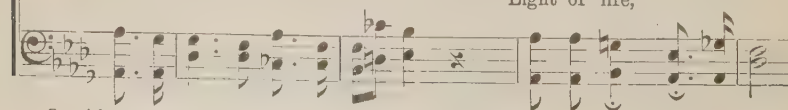
Nev - er wan - ing, nor de - clin - ing, Shine on me, O shine on me.
 Ho - ly Light that knows no shad - ing, Shine on me, O shine on me.
 Joy and peace and life be - get - ting, Shine on me, O shine on me.



Shine on me, O shine on me, Light of life, O shine on me;
 of life,



With the love of Je - sus beam - ing, Light of life,..... shine on me,
 Light of life,



Light of Life

O shine, shine on

Shine on me, O shine on me, Light of life, O shine on

O shine on me, on me; Light..... of life, O

rit. shine on me. With the love of Je-sus beaming, Light of life,..... shine on me. *rit.* Light of life, shine on me.

shine on me.

*To be sung after last verse only, closing strains very softly

64

The King of Love

HENRY W. BAKER

(Slow and with Chorale effect)

HUBERT P. MAIN

1. The King of Love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev-er;
2. Where streams of liv-ing wa-ter flow My ran-som'd soul He lead-eth,
3. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be-side me;

I noth-ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for-ev-er.
And, where the ver-dant pastures grow, With food ce-less-tial feed-eth.
Thy rod and staff my com-fort still, Thy ho-ly Word to guide me.

Tr. J. C. J.

ROBERT SCHUMANN

mf *Vigoroso.**mf*

1. Be - hold our migh - ty for - tress, Whose walls to heav'n as - pire,
 2. The tow'rs are loft - y moun - tains, And gla - cier heights the walls.

And ech - o back the thun - der, And glow in sun - set fire!
 In ma - ny a wind - swept for - est We tread thy sound - ing halls.

And thus they shone for a - ges, Ere man was;—and the sea
 How still and calm thy val - leys! How cool the purl - ing streams!

Dashed high its waves, a - wait - ing The Na - tions yet to be.
 How fierce the clouds, as - sail - ing, Rush where yon sum - mit gleams!

Switzerland

O ho - ry, an - cient cas - tle, Whose tow'rs se - cure - ly stand!
To God who hath de - signed it A - Ref - uge and a Hold.

Thy Mas - ter: thy great Build - er Gave thee to Swit - zer - land!
We, dwell - ers in the For - tress Sing prais - es man - i - fold!

piu. f
O grand and an - cient cas - tle, Whose tow'rs se - cure - ly stand,
Yes, to the might - y Build - er By whose al - migh - ty hand

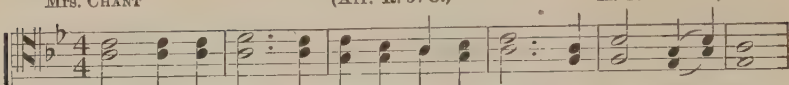
sf rit.
The Mas - ter and the Build - er Gave thee to Swit - zer - land!
Up - rose thy mas - sive moun - tains, Give thanks, O Swit - zer - land!

Light of the World

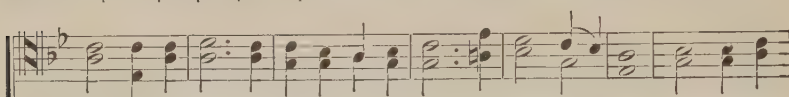
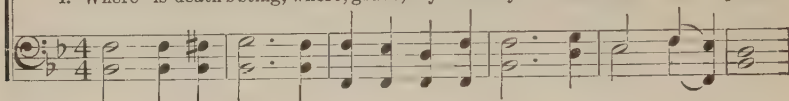
Mrs. CHANT

(Arr. R. J. C.)

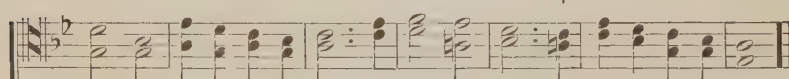
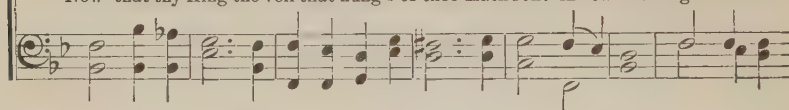
H. C. PURDAY, alt.



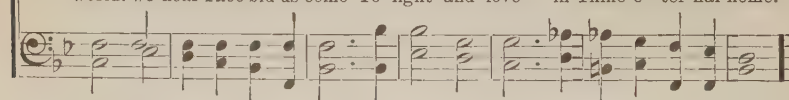
1. Light of the world! faint were our wea-ry feet With wan - d'ring far;
2. In days long passed we missed our homeward way, We could not see.
3. Now hal-le - lu - jahs rise a-long the road Our glad feet tread;
4. Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy vic-to-ry? Where all the pain?



But Thou didst come our lonely hearts to greet, Our Morn-ing Star; And Thou didst
Blind were our eyes, our feet were bound to stray, How blind to Thee! But Thou didst
Thy love hath shared our sorrow's heavy load, There's light o'erhead; Glo - ry to
Now that thy King the veil that hung o'er thee Hath rent in twain: Light of the



bid us lift our gaze on high, And see the glo - ry of the glowing sky.
pit - y, Lord, our gloomy plight, And Thou didst touch our eyes and give them sight.
Thee, whose love hath led us on, Glo - ry for all the great things Thou hast done.
world! we hear Thee bid us come To light and love in Thine e - ter-nal home.

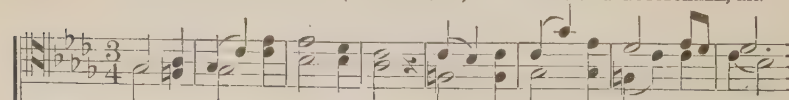


Holy Ghost! With Light Divine

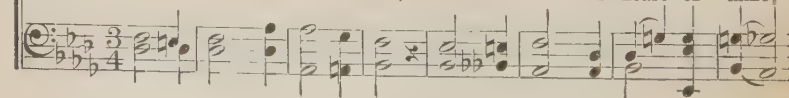
ANDREW REED

(Arr. G. B. H.)

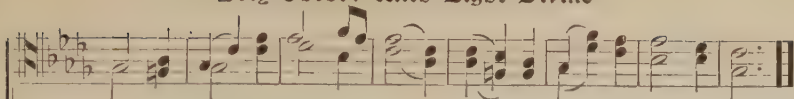
L. M. GOTTSCHALK, alt.



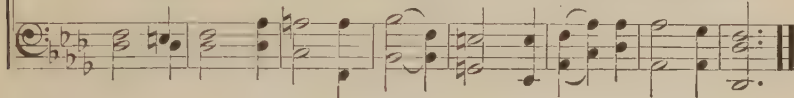
1. Ho - ly Ghost! with light di-vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost! with pow'r divine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost! with joy di-vine, Cheer this sad-dened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it! all di-vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine;



Holy Ghost! With Light Divine



Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
 Long hath sin with-out con-trol Held do-min-ion o'er my soul.
 Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed-ing heart.
 Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su-preme—and reign a-lone.



68

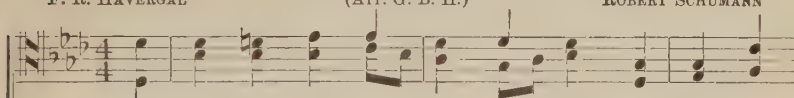
Lord, Speak to Me

(Melody In 2d Tenor)

F. R. HAVERGAL

(Arr. G. B. H.)

ROBERT SCHUMANN



1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak, In liv - ing
 2. O strength-en me, that while I stand Firm as the
 3. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach The pre - cious
 4. O use me, Lord, use e - ven me, Just as Thou



ech - oes of Thy tone; As Thou hast sought, so
 rock, and strong in Thee, I may stretch out a
 things Thou dost im - part; And wing my words, that
 wilt, and when, and where, Un - til Thy bless - ed



let me seek, Thy er - ring chil - dren lost and lone.
 lov - ing hand To wrest - lers with the trou - bled sea.
 they may reach The hid - den depths of ma - ny a heart.
 face I see, Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glo - ry share.

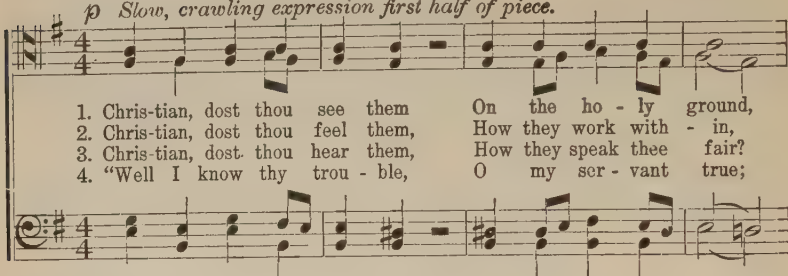


Christian, Dost Thou See Them

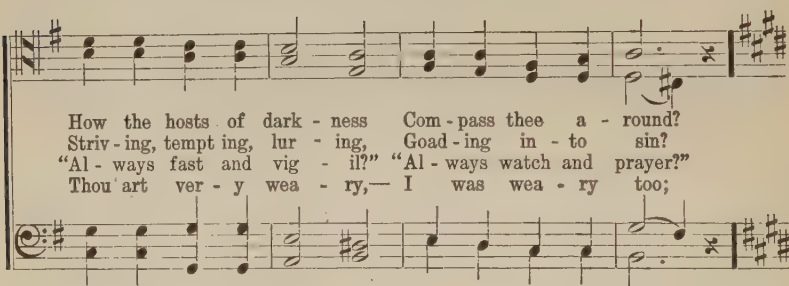
J. M. NEALE

(Arr. G. B. H.)

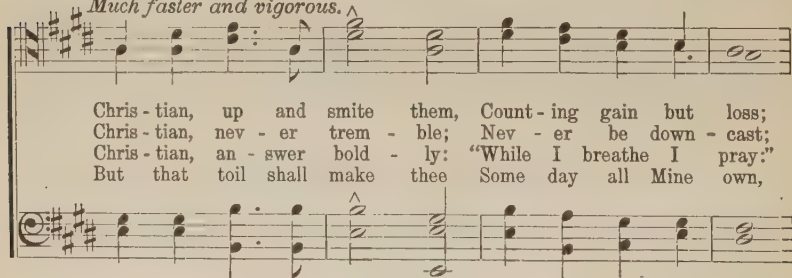
JOHN B. DYKES

p Slow, crawling expression first half of piece.


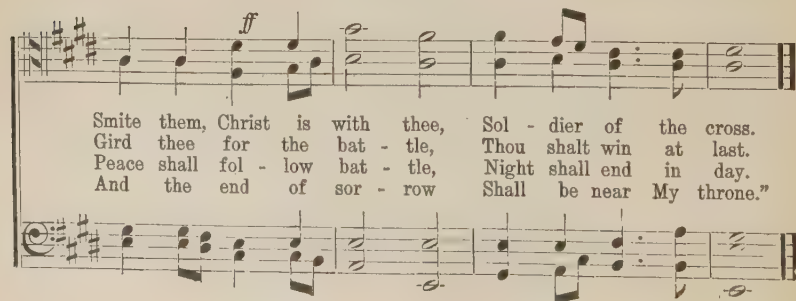
1. Chris-tian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,
 2. Chris-tian, dost thou feel them, How they work with - in,
 3. Chris-tian, dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair?
 4. "Well I know thy trou - ble, O my ser - vant true;



How the hosts of dark - ness Com-pass thee a - round?
 Striv-ing, tempt-ing, lur - ing, Goad-ing in - to sin?
 "Al - ways fast and vig - il?" "Al - ways watch and prayer?"
 Thou'art ver - y wea - ry, — I was wea - ry too;

Much faster and vigorous.


Chris - tian, up and smite them, Count-ing gain but loss;
 Chris - tian, nev - er trem - ble; Nev - er be down - cast;
 Chris - tian, an - swer bold - ly: "While I breathe I pray:"
 But that toil shall make thee Some day all Mine own,



Smite them, Christ is with thee, Sol - dier of the cross.
 Gird thee for the bat - tle, Thou shalt win at last.
 Peace shall fol - low bat - tle, Night shall end in day.
 And the end of sor - row Shall be near My throne."

Lovely Night

Anon.

F. X. CHWATAL

1. Love - ly night! O love - ly night! Spread - ing o - ver hill and meadow
 2. Ho - ly night! O ho - ly night! Plac - ing bright - er worlds be - fore us;

Soft and slow thy ha - zy shad - ow; Soon our wea - ried eye - lids close
 Soon our wea - ried eye - lids close
 Hap - pi - ness thou sheddest o'er us; Oh, that we might ne'er re - turn
 Oh, that we might ne'er re - turn

And slum - ber in thy blest re - pose, Soon our wea - ried
 Soon our wea - ried
 To this dull earth to weep and mourn, Oh, that we might
 Oh, that we might

eye - lids close, And slum - ber in thy blest re - pose.
 eye - lids close,
 ne'er re - turn To this dull earth to weep and mourn.
 ne'er re - turn

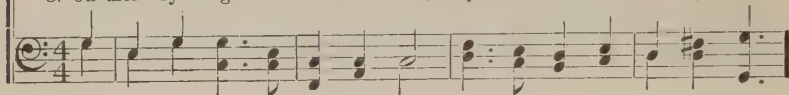
The Maple Leaf Forever

A. M.

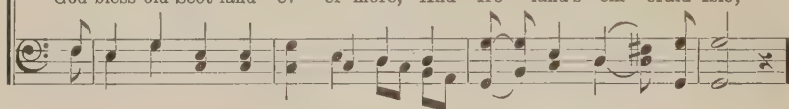
ALEXANDER MUIR, B. A.

Con spirito.

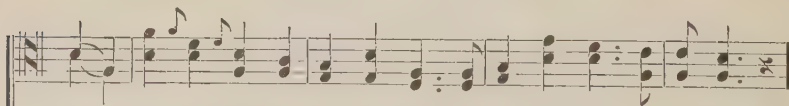
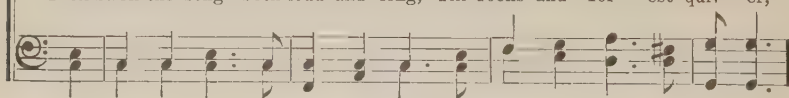
1. In days of yore, from Britain's shore, Wolf the dauntless he - ro came,
2. Our fair do - min - ion now ex - tends, From Cape Rice to Noo - ka Sound,
3. On mer - ry Eng - land's far famed land, May kind heav - en sweet - ly smile;



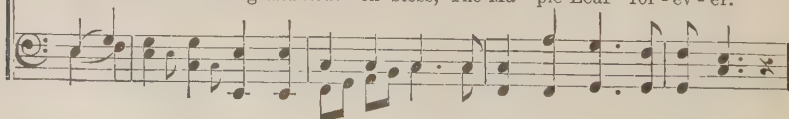
And plant - ed firm Bri - tan - ia's flag, On Can - a - da's far do - main;
 May peace for - ev - er be our lot, And plen - te - ous store a - bound;
 God bless old Scot - land ev - er more, And Ire - land's em -erald Isle;



Here may it wave our boast and pride, And join in love to - geth - er,
 And may those ties of love be ours, Which dis - cord can - not sev - er,
 Then swell the song both loud and long, Till rocks and for - est quiv - er,



The Lily, Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er.
 And flour - ish green o'er freedom's home, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er.
 God save our King and heav - en bless, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er.

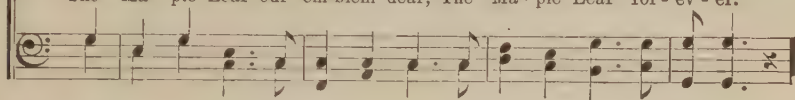


The Maple Leaf Forever

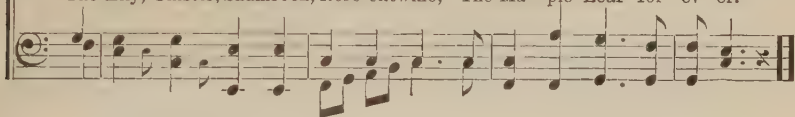
CHORUS.



The Ma - ple Leaf our em - blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er.



The Lily, Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er.

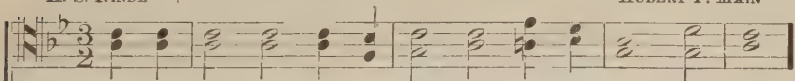


72

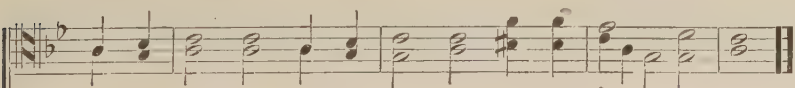
Da Nobis Puritatem

H. S. NINDE

HUBERT P. MAIN

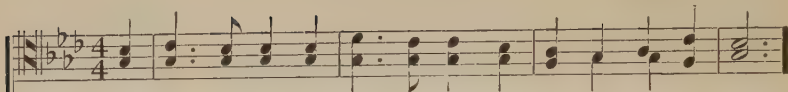


1. Bow - ing low in deep con - tri - tion Lord, we come to Thee;
2. Thou didst teach the throng - ing peo - ple By blue Gal - i - lee;
3. Thou whose touch could heal the lep - er, Make the blind to see;
4. Thou whose word could still the temp - est, Calm the rag - ing sea;
5. Thou didst sin - less meet the temp - ter, Grant, O Christ, that we
6. Thou who didst for - give the sin - ning, Glad we come to Thee,

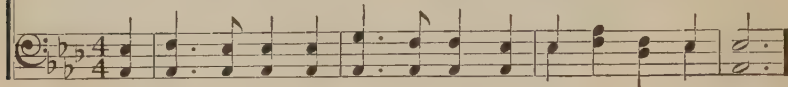


We have sinned we come con - fes - sing, Seek - ing pu - ri - ty.
 Speak to us, Thy er - ring chil - dren, Teach us pu - ri - ty.
 Touch our hearts and turn the sin - ning In - to pu - ri - ty.
 Hush the storm of hum - an pas - sion Give us pu - ri - ty.
 May o'er - come the bent to e - vil By Thy pu - ri - ty.
 At Thy feet to plead for par - don, Peace and pu - ri - ty.

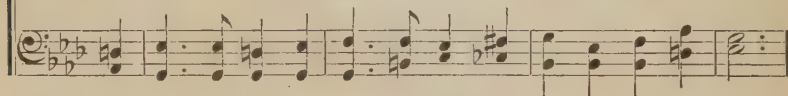




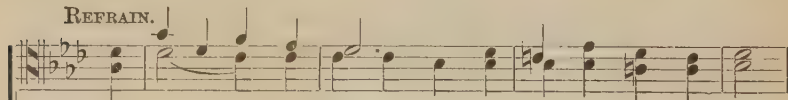
1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
 2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! The world is grow - ing old;
 3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! I great - ly long to see
 4. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise, Oh, keep me in Thy love,



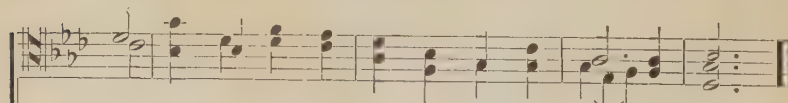
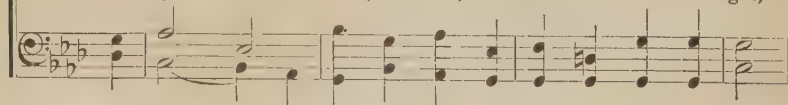
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?
 Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold?
 The spec - ial place my dear - est Lord In love pre - pares for me.
 And guide me to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove.



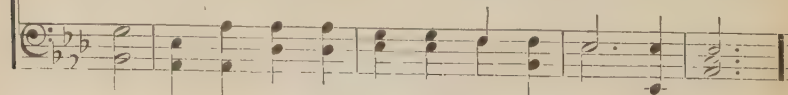
REFRAIN.



Where loy - al hearts, and true,
 Where loy - - al hearts, and true, Stand ev - er in the light,



All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.



Steal Away!

Andante.

Slave Song

Steal a - way, steal a - way, steal a - way to Je - sus!

Steal a - way, steal a - way home, I have not long to stay here.

1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun-der; The
2. Green trees are bend-ing, Poor sin-ners stand a trem-bling; The
3. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the light-ning; The

trum-pet sounds it in my soul: I have not long to stay here.

Our Native Land

Mrs. S. K. BOURNE

(Arr. H. From "Pilgrim Chorus")

RICHARD WAGNER

1. Our na - tive land, with thy val - leys and mountains, Thy hills and
 2. If sor - row comes and the war clouds shall low - er, Thy sons shall
 3. O Lord of Hosts! be our Na - tion's De - fend - er! To Thee our

plains and thy riv - ers and fountains, Thy for - ests and lakes from the
 rise in the might of their pow - er; With love in each heart and
 praise and our hom - age we ren - der! Oh guard us from harm, and di -

East to the West, Oh this land of ours is the land we love
 strength in each hand, We'll stand for our coun - try, our own na - tive
 rect us, we pray, May we be Thy peo - ple and walk in Thy

best. Thy spark - ling skies with bright - ness shine, And
 land! And peace shall find our flag un - furled, The
 way. With foes with - out and foes with - in, Oh

Our Native Land



cres.

Na - ture's grand-est gifts are thine. Our hearts, our lives we
 flag of wel - come to the world. Our hearts, our hopes, our
 keep us, Lord, from wrong and sin, Be Thou our God, our

ff. dim.

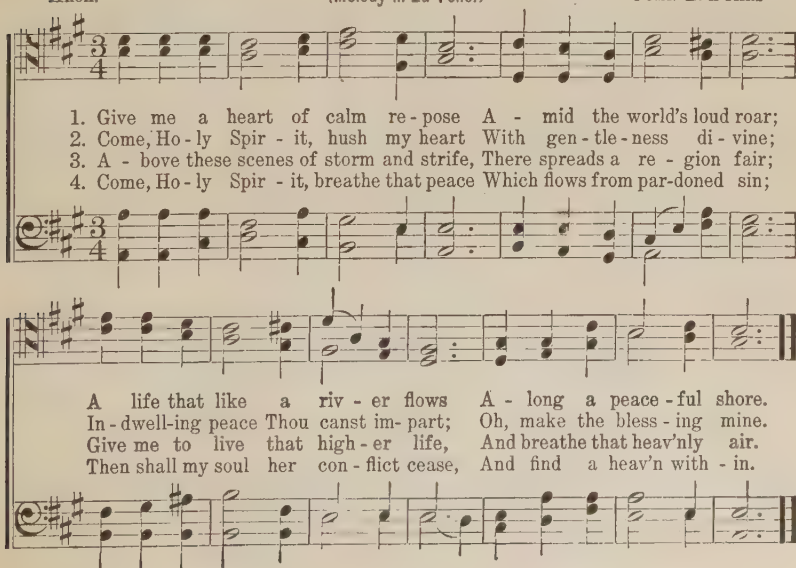
pledge to thee, to thee, dear land, for - ev - er!.....
 lives are thine, are thine, dear land, for - ev - er!.....
 Strength, our Hope, and guide our land, for - ev - er!.....

76 Give Me a Heart of Calm Repose

Anon.

(Melody in 2d Tenor)

JOHN B. DYKES



1. Give me a heart of calm re - pose A - mid the world's loud roar;
 2. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, hush my heart With gen - tle - ness di - vine;
 3. A - bove these scenes of storm and strife, There spreads a re - gion fair;
 4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, breathe that peace Which flows from par - doned sin;

A life that like a riv - er flows A - long a peace - ful shore.
 In - dwell - ing peace Thou canst im - part; Oh, make the bless - ing mine.
 Give me to live that high - er life, And breathe that heav'nly air.
 Then shall my soul her con - flict cease, And find a heav'n with - in.

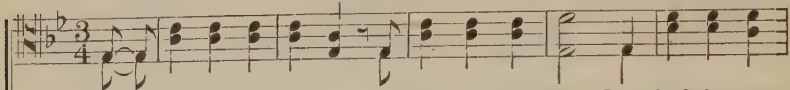
The Lord is My Shepherd

(Melody in 1st Bass and 1st Tenor)

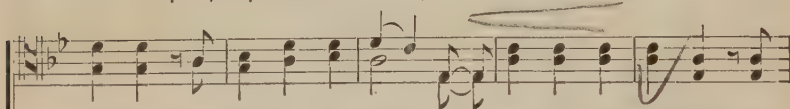
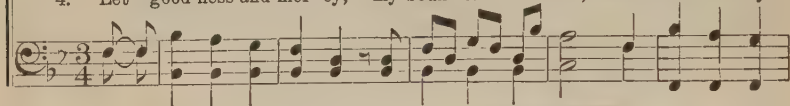
J. MONTGOMERY

(Arr. H. P. M.)

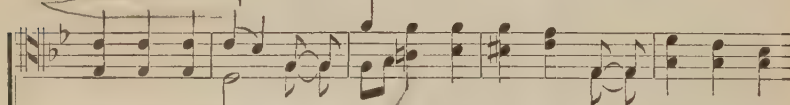
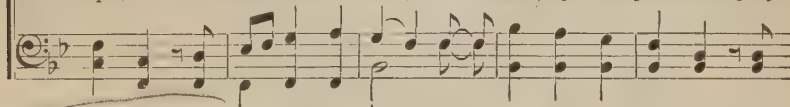
FR. THOS. KOSCHAT



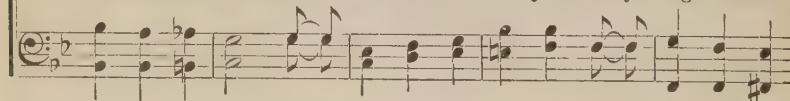
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow' of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my
3. In the midst of af-flic-tion my ta-ble is spread; With bless-ings un-
4. Let good-ness and mer-cy; my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my



pas-tures, safe-fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the
 Guard-ian, no e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy
 meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er; With per-fume and oil Thou a-
 steps, till I meet Thee a-bove; I seek-by the path which my



still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-
 staff be my stay; No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er
 noint-est my head; O what shall I ask-of Thy prov-i-dence;
 fore-fa-ther's trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ—Thy king-dom of



pressed; Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-pressed.
 near; No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er near.
 more? O what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more?
 love; Thro' the land of their so-journ—Thy king-dom of love.

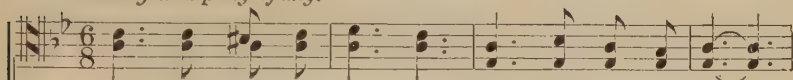


Take Time to be Holy

W. D. LONGSTAFF

(Arr. G. B. H.)

GEO. C. STEBBINS

Slowly and prayerfully.

1. Take time to be ho - ly, speak oft with thy Lord;
2. Take time to be ho - ly, the world rush - es on;
3. Take time to be ho - ly, let Him be thy Guide,
4. Take time to be ho - ly, be calm in thy soul,



A - bide in Him al - ways and feed on His word;
 Spend much time in se - cret, with Je - sus a - lone;
 And run not be - fore Him, what - ev - er be - tide;
 Each thought and each mo - tive be - neath His con - trol;



Make friends of God's chil - dren, help those who are weak,
 By look - ing to Je - sus, like Him thou shalt be;
 In joy or in sor - row still fol - low thy Lord,
 Thus led by His Spir - it to fount - ains of love,



For - get - ting in noth - ing His bless - ing to seek.
 Thy friends in thy con - duct His like - ness shall see.
 And, look - ing to Je - sus, still trust in His word.
 Thou soon shall be fit - ted for serv - ice a - bove.



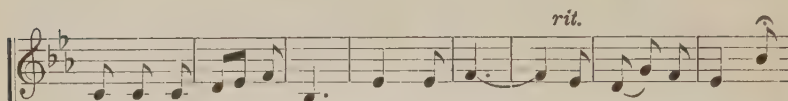
Last Night

(Melody in 1st Bass)

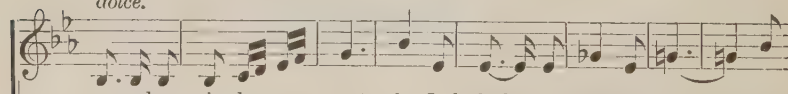
HALFDAN KJERULF

Andante.

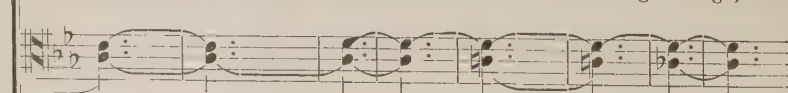
1. Last night the night-in-gale woke me, Last night when all was still, It
 2. I think of you in the day - time, I dream of you by night; I

*pp* (CHORUS HUMMING.)*pp*

sang in the gold-en moon - light From out..... the wood-land hill. I
 wake and would you were here love, And tears.... are blinding my sight. I

*dolce.*

o-pened my win-dow so gent - ly, I looked on the dreaming dew, And
 hear a low breath in the lime tree, The wind is float-ing through, And

*ppp**mf**p*

Last Night

f *rit.*

oh! the bird, my dar-ling, Was sing-ing, sing-ing of you, of you.
oh! the night, my dar-ling, Was sigh-ing, sigh-ing for you, for you.

rit.

The musical score for 'Last Night' is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in G major (one flat) and 2/4 time. It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a ritardando (*rit.*) marking. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The piece concludes with a final ritardando (*rit.*) marking.

80

Of a' the Airts

ROBERT BURNS

ALBERT METHFESSEL

1. Of a' the airts the wind can blow I dear-ly like the west,
2. There wild woods grow, and riv-ers flow, And mon-y a hill be-tween;
3. I see her in the dew-y flow'rs, I see her sweet and fair:
4. There's not a bon-nie flow'r that springs By fount-ain, shaw, or green,

The musical score for 'Of a' the Airts' is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The piece concludes with a final chord in the piano.

For there the bon-nie las-sie lives, The las-sie I lo'e best.
But day and night my fan-cy's flight Is ev-er wi' my Jean.
I hear her in the tune-fu' birds, I hear her charm the air.
There's not a bon-nie bird that sings But minds me o' my Jean.

The musical score for 'Of a' the Airts' (continued) is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The piece concludes with a final chord in the piano.

Keep Us, Lord

HERBERT WHATELY

Anon.



1. God, that ma - dest earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light;
 2. Guard us wak - ing, guard us sleep - ing, And when we die,



Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night;
 May we in Thy might - y keep - ing All peace - ful lie:



May Thine an - gel guards de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet Thy mer - cy
 When the last dread call shall wake us, Do not Thou our God for -



send us, Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night.
 sake us, But to reign in glo - ry take us With Thee on high.

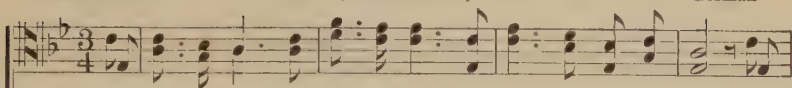


The Children of the Rain

H. S. NINDE

(Arr. H. P. M.)

German



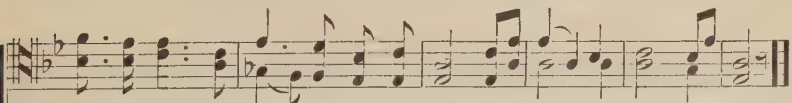
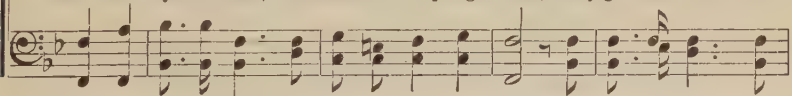
1. I greet a-gain the spring-time rain. A - mid the pass-ing show'rs There
2. The meek ar - bu - tus trail-ing low, Peeps at me in the dell, I
3. It's rain-ing, but I see and scent The fra-grant el-der blows That
4. I greet the rain from east or west, What'e'er the wind that blows; In



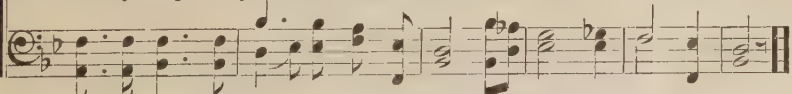
come to me in vis-ion fair The my-ri-ads of flow'rs; The yel-low
 see the snow - y man-tles of The haw and sil-ver bell; The dog-wood
 drift a - bove the pas-ture fence Like swirls of win-ter snows. The black-eyed-
 ev - 'ry pear - ly drop I see The vis-ion of a rose; The cro-cus



cow-slip in the marsh, The vio-let on the hills, A - long the mar - gin
 sheds its star-ry beams With-in the wood-land glooms, Up - on the shad - ed
 Su - sans gleam a - long The mar-gins of the lots, And thro' the mists there
 and the hy - a - cinth, And all the troop-ing flow'rs, They glis-ten in each



of the lake A mil - lion daf - fo - dils, A mil - lion daf - fo - dils.
 hill - side near The rho - do - den - dion blooms, The rho - do - den - dion blooms.
 blos-som true The blue for - get - me - nots. The blue for - get - me - nots.
 ti - ny drop, They mir - ror in the show'rs, They mir - ror in the show'rs.



83 Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand

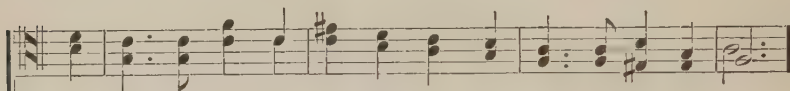
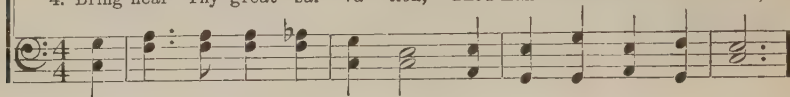
HENRY ALFORD

(ALT. G. B. H.)

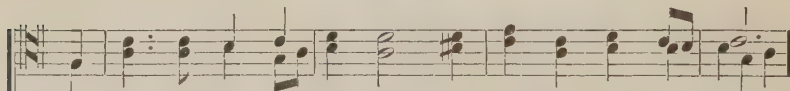
J. B. DYKES



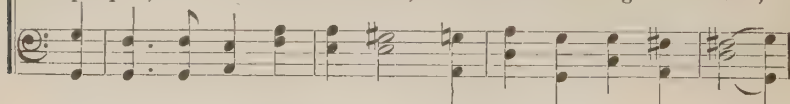
1. Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand, In spark - ling rai - ment bright,
2. What rush of hal - le - lu - jahs Fills all the earth and sky!
3. O then what rap - tured greet - ings On Ca - naan's hap - py shore,
4. Bring near Thy great sal - va - tion, Thou Lamb for sin - ners slain;



The ar - mies of the ran - somed saints Throng up the steep - s of light:
 What ring - ing of a thou - sand harps Be - speaks the tri - umph night!
 What knit - ting sev - ered friend - ships up, Where part - ings are no more!
 Fill up the roll of Thine e - lect, Then take Thy pow'r and reign;



'Tis fin - ished, all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin: ...
 O day, for which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were made!
 Then eyes with joy shall spar - kle, That brim'm'd with tears of late, ...
 Ap - pear, De - sire of na - tions, Thine ex - iles long for home;



Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in!
 O joy, for all its for - mer woes A thou - sand-fold re - paid!
 Or - phans no lon - ger fa - ther - less, Nor wid - ows des - o - late.
 Show in the heav'n's Thy prom - ised sign, Thou Prince and Sa - viour, come.

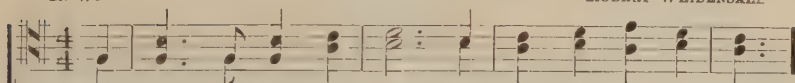


Young Men in Christ, Arise


(Dedicated to the Y. M. C. A's of the World)

R. W.


ROBERT WEIDENSAHL




1. Young men in Christ, the Lord, Own Him your Sa - viour, God,
 2. Young men in Christ, the Lord, Be - might - y in His word,
 3. Young men in Christ, a - rise! The world be - fore you lies,
 4. Young men in Christ, the Son, In Him we all are one;



His name a - dore; For by His won - drous sac - ri - fice,
 Its truths de - clare; And seek the Ho - ly Spir - it's pow'r,
 En - slaved in sin; Make haste to swell the mis - sion band,
 For this He prayed. Then let us join the heav'n - ly throng



He paid the great re - demp - tion price, That all might
 By faith and per - se - ver - ing pray'r, That ye may
 Pre - pared to go at His com - mand, To save lost
 To sound His praise in end - less song, For all we



have e - ter - nal life Who come to God through Him.
 wit - ness a - ny - where That sin - ful men are found.
 men in ev - 'ry land, At a - ny sac - ri - fice.
 have and are, be - long To Christ, our Lord Di - vine.

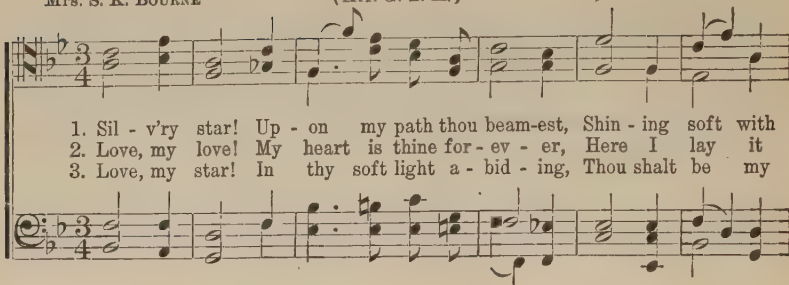
Love, My Star.

(From "Cavaleria Rusticana")

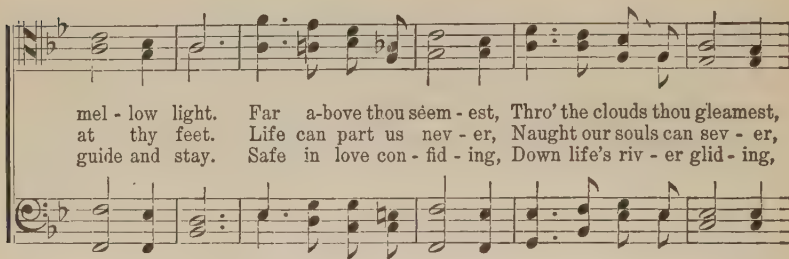
Mrs. S. K. BOURNE

(Arr. G. B. H.)

P. MASCAGNI



1. Sil - v'ry star! Up - on my path thou beam-est, Shin - ing soft with
 2. Love, my love! My heart is thine for - ev - er, Here I lay it
 3. Love, my star! In thy soft light a - bid - ing, Thou shalt be my



mel - low light. Far a - bove thou séem - est, Thro' the clouds thou gleamest,
 at thy feet. Life can part us nev - er, Naught our souls can sev - er,
 guide and stay. Safe in love con - fid - ing, Down life's riv - er glid - ing,



Oh, lead me, gen - tly guide by thy soft rays so bright!
 O lead me by thy pow'r, so strong and yet so sweet!
 Thou art a - lone my star to lead me all the way!



O sil - v'ry star! Sweet sil - v'ry star! O star, my star!
 O love, my love! O love, my love! O love, my love!
 O love, my star! O love, my star! O love, my star!

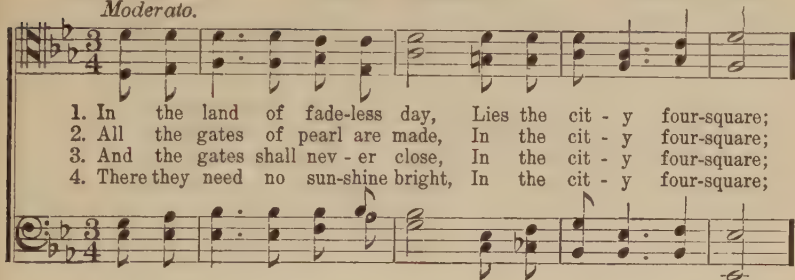
No Night There

(Melody in 2d Tenor and 1st Bass)

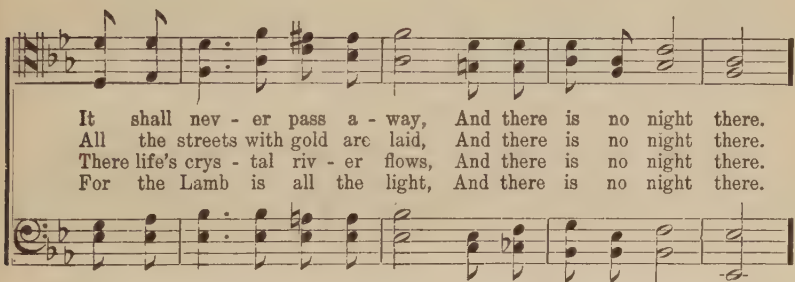
JOHN R. CLEMENTS

(Arr. P. H. Metcalf)

HART P. DANKS

Moderato.


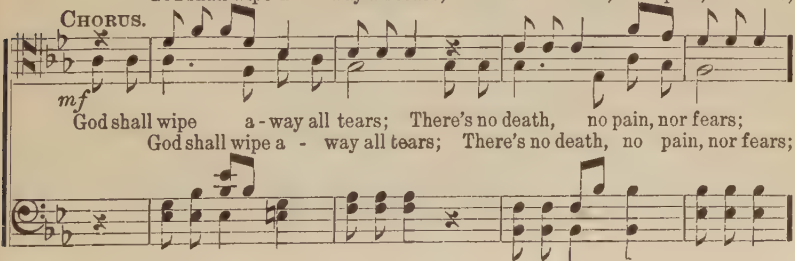
1. In the land of fade-less day, Lies the cit - y four-square;
 2. All the gates of pearl are made, In the cit - y four-square;
 3. And the gates shall nev - er close, In the cit - y four-square;
 4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In the cit - y four-square;



It shall nev - er pass a - way, And there is no night there.
 All the streets with gold are laid, And there is no night there.
 There life's crys - tal riv - er flows, And there is no night there.
 For the Lamb is all the light, And there is no night there.

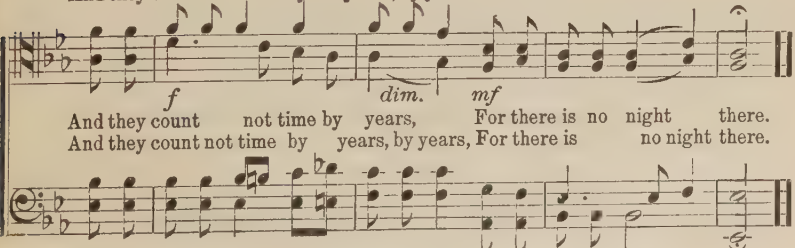
God shall wipe a - way all tears; There's no death, no pain, nor fears;

CHORUS.



mf God shall wipe a - way all tears; There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
 God shall wipe a - way all tears; There's no death, no pain, nor fears;

And they count not time by years, by years.



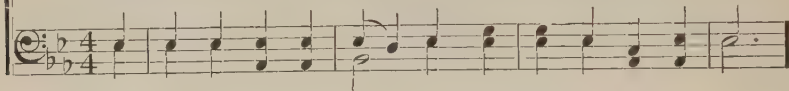
f And they count not time by years, *dim.* For there is no night there.
 And they count not time by years, by years, *mf* For there is no night there.

ANNE R. COUSIN

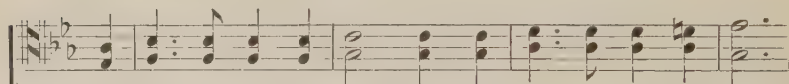
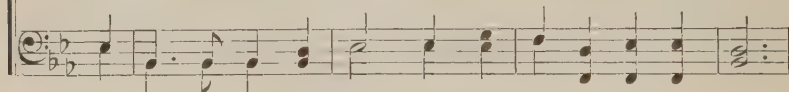
W. B. OLDS



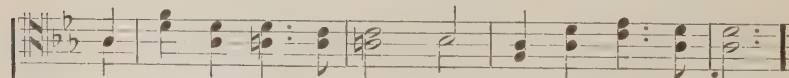
1. The sands of time are sink - ing; The dawn of heav - en breaks;
2. Oh, Christ! He is the fount - ain, The deep, sweet well of love;
3. With mer - cy and with judg - ment My web of time He wove,



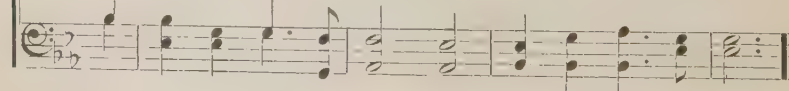
The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.
 The streams on earth I've tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove;
 And aye the dews of sor - row Were lust - ered by His love;



Dark, dark hath been the mid - night; But day-spring is at hand,
 There to an o - cean full - ness His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
 I'll bless the hand that guid - ed, I'll bless the heart that planned,



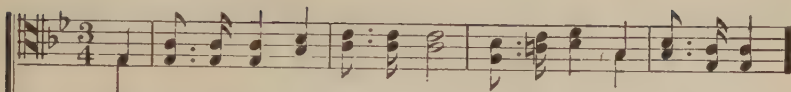
And glo - ry—glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
 And glo - ry—glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
 When throned where glo - ry dwell - eth, In Im - man - uel's land.



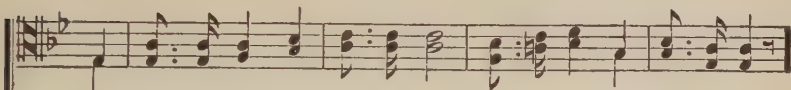
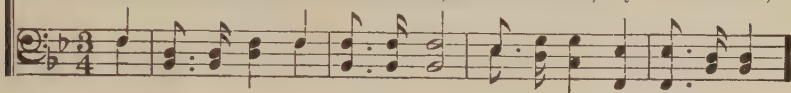
My Native Land

FANNY J. CROSBY

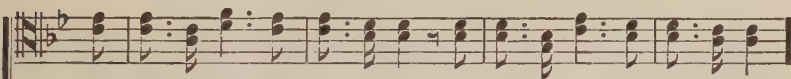
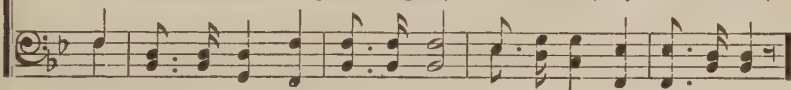
MARYLAND



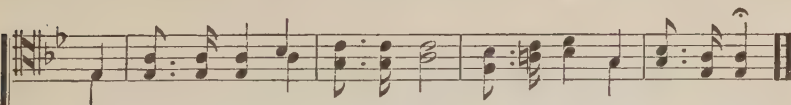
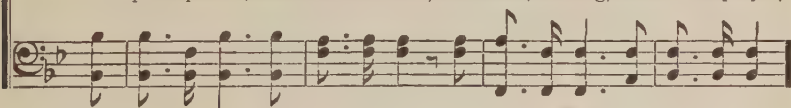
1. With fil - ial love we cling to thee, Na - tive land, my na - tive land;
2. Thy fields are broad with plenty crowned, Na - tive land, my na - tive land;
3. When first the stars of free-dom rose, Na - tive land, my na - tive land;



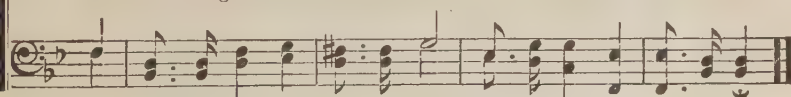
The crad - ling place of lib - er - ty, Na - tive land, my na - tive land;
 Thy state - ly trees with fruit a - bound, Na - tive land, my na - tive land;
 Our vet - eran sires in peace re - pose, Na - tive land, my na - tive land;



No oth - er clime such deeds has done; No oth - er flag such fame has won;
 When gi - ant rocks ma - jes - tic rise, The ea - gle soars to reach the skies;
 Their pre - cepts old, their watch - ful care, The smile, the song, the earn - est prayer,

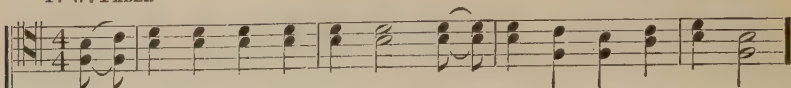


No home like thine be - neath the sun; Na - tive land, my na - tive land.
 'Tis thee we love, 'tis thee we prize; Na - tive land, my na - tive land.
 Like fade - less gems their chil - dren wear; Na - tive land, my na - tive land.

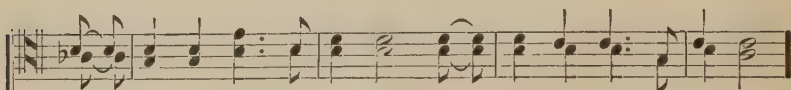
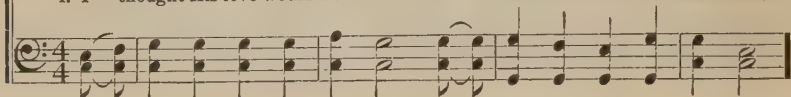


F. W. FABER

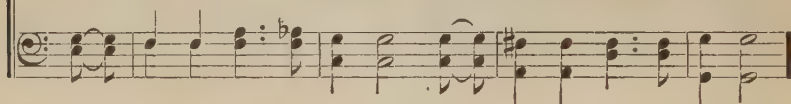
GEO. C. STEBBINS



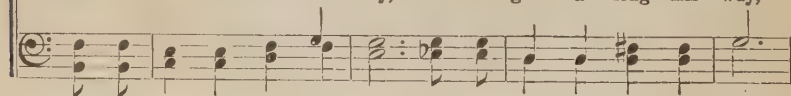
1. I was wand'ring, sad and wea - ry, When the Sa-viour came un - to me;
 2. At first I would not heark-en, But put off till the mor-row,
 3. At last I stopped to list-en—His voice could ne'er de-ceive me;—
 4. I thought His love would weak-en As more and more He knew me,



For the paths of sin were drear-y, And the world had ceased to woo me;
 Till life be-gan to dark-en, And I grew sick with sor-row;
 I saw His kind eye glist-en, So anx-ious to re-lieve me;
 But it burn-eth like a bea-con, And its light and heat go thro' me;



And I tho't I heard Him say, As He came a - long His way,—
 And I tho't I heard Him say, As He came a - long His way,—
 Then I *knew* I heard Him say, As He came a - long His way,—
 And I ev - er hear Him say, As He goes a - long His way,—



REFRAIN. 1st 2 lines of 2d Tenor prominent.



Wand'ring soul, O do come near Me; My sheep should nev - er



The Shepherd True

Rit. *p pp*

fear Me; I am the Shep-herd true, I am the Shep-herd true.

The musical score for 'The Shepherd True' is written for a piano. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music begins with a series of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'Rit.' (Ritardando) and the dynamics are 'p' (piano) and 'pp' (pianissimo). The lyrics are: 'fear Me; I am the Shep-herd true, I am the Shep-herd true.'

90

The Two Roses

HEINRICH WERNER

Andante.

1. On a bank two ro-ses fair, Wet with morning show-ers, Fill'd with
 2. Thus in leaves of white ar-rayed, Not a speck to dim them, So I
 3. Like her cheeks the blush-ing ray, Which thy bud en-clos-es, Bright-er

The musical score for 'The Two Roses' is written for a piano. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The music begins with a series of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. The lyrics are: '1. On a bank two ro-ses fair, Wet with morning show-ers, Fill'd with 2. Thus in leaves of white ar-rayed, Not a speck to dim them, So I 3. Like her cheeks the blush-ing ray, Which thy bud en-clos-es, Bright-er'

dew, in fragrance grew, As I, pen-sive full of care, Gathered two sweet
 find the spot-less mind Which a-dorns my spot-less maid, In - no-cen-ce's
 far than you they are; But her charms, if I should say, You'd be jeal-ous

The musical score for 'The Two Roses' continues. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The music begins with a series of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. The lyrics are: 'dew, in fragrance grew, As I, pen-sive full of care, Gathered two sweet find the spot-less mind Which a-dorns my spot-less maid, In - no-cen-ce's far than you they are; But her charms, if I should say, You'd be jeal-ous'

REFRAIN.

flow-ers.
 em-blem. } Tell me, ro-ses, tru-ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
 ro-ses.

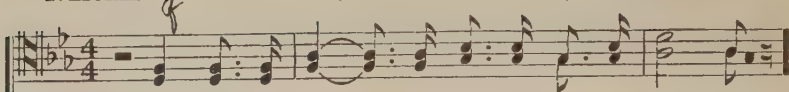
The musical score for 'The Two Roses' continues. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The music begins with a series of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. The lyrics are: 'flow-ers. em-blem. } Tell me, ro-ses, tru-ly tell, If my fair one loves me well. ro-ses.'

Oh, Holy Night

F. LeCLAIR

(Arr. G. B. H.)

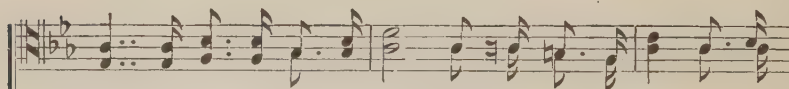
ADOLPH ADAM



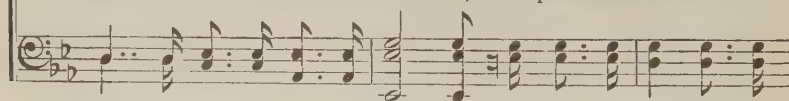
1. Oh, ho - ly night, the stars are bright-ly shin - ing;
 2. God's pre - cious gift, each heart and voice re - joic - es;



It is the night of the dear Sa - viour's birth. Long lay the
 We hail the birth of the long-prom - ised One. God's gift of



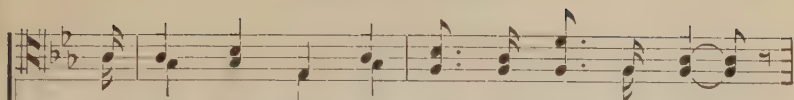
world in sin and sor - row pi - ning, Till He ap - peared and the
 love with all our hearts and voic - es, We praise the name of the



soul felt its worth. A thrill of hope the wea - ry world re-joic - es,
 life - giv - ing Son. He came to earth who left His home in heav - en,



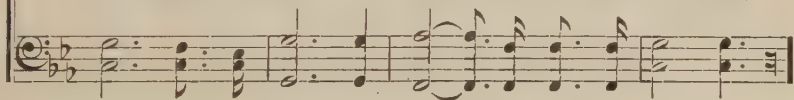
Oh, Holy Night



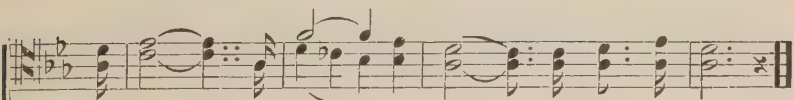
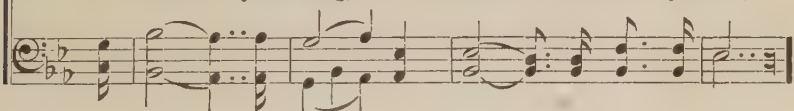
For yon - der breaks a new and glo - rious morn;
To bring good news and hope sub - lime to men;



Fall on your knees, oh, hear the an - gel voic - es,
Of - fring di - vine, oh, match - less con - de - scen - sion,



Oh, night di - vine, oh, night when Christ was born;
Be - hold your King, be - fore Him low - ly bend,



Oh, night di - vine, oh, night, oh, night di - vine.
Be - hold your King, your King, be - fore Him bend.



J. BOWRING

(Arr. G. B. H.)

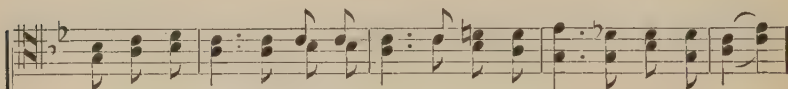
HOWARD DOW

With thoughtful expression.

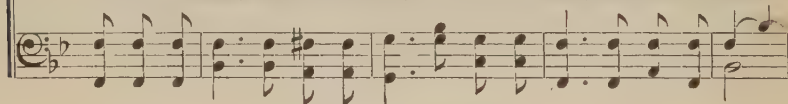
♩ = 120.



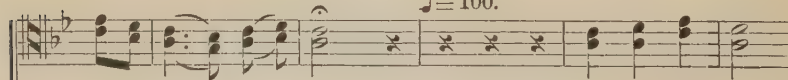
1. I can - not al - ways trace the way, Where Thou Almighty One dost move;
2. When mys - t'ry clouds my darken'd path, I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
3. Yes, God is love; & tho't like this Can ev - 'ry gloom - y tho't re - move,



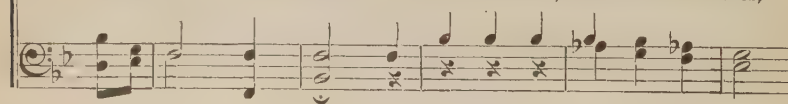
But I can al - ways, al - ways say, But I can al - ways, al - ways say,
In this my soul sweet comfort hath, In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss, And turn all tears, all woes to bliss,



♩ = 100.



That God is Love. But I can say, can al - ways say,
That God is Love. In this my soul, in this my soul,
For God is Love. And turn all tears, and turn all tears,

*Slower. -*

But I can say, can al - ways say, That God is Love.
In this my soul sweet com - fort hath, That God is Love.
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss, For God is Love.



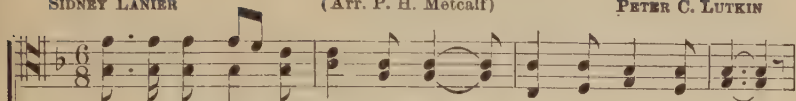
Into the Woods

(Melody in 1st Bass)

SIDNEY LANIER

(Arr. P. H. Metcalf)

PETER C. LUTKIN



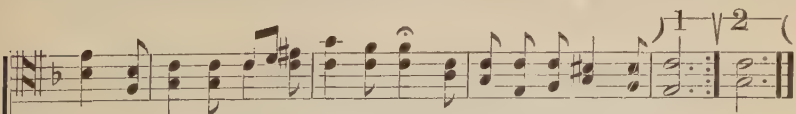
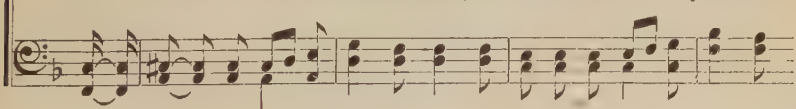
1. In - to the woods my Mas - ter went,.... Clean for-spent, for - spent;
2. Out of the woods my Mas - ter went, And He was well con - tent:



In - to the woods my Mas - ter came, For-spent with love and shame.
Out of the woods my Mas - ter came, Con - tent with death and shame.



But the ol-ives they were not blind to Him, The lit-tle gray leaves were kind to
When death and shame would woo Him last, From un-der the trees they drew Him



Him, The Thorn-tree had a mind to Him, When in - to the woods He came.
last, 'Twas on a tree they slew Him last, When out of the woods He came.



Words from "Poems of Sidney Lanier" by per. Chas. Scribner's Sons
Copyright, 1884, 1891, by Mary D. Lanier. Melody Copyright, 1905, by Smith & Lamar. Used by per.
Arr. Copyright, 1912, by International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations

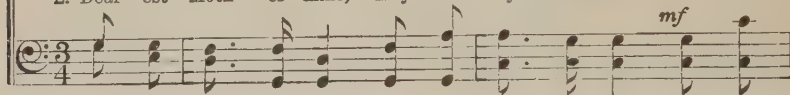
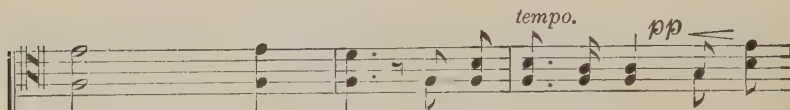
My Mother

ELIZABETH LINCOLN GOULD, Alt. By per.

THOS. KOSCHAT

*mf Somewhat slowly and distinctly.**pp*

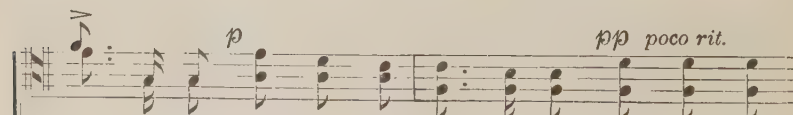
1. Dear - est Moth - er mine, Oth - er love like thine I shall
 2. Dear - est Moth - er mine, May this boy of thine Nev - er

*mf**tempo.**pp*

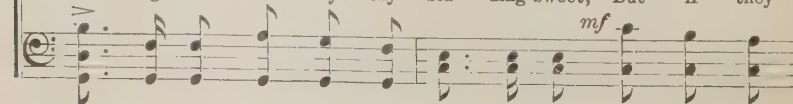
nev - - - er know. Full of watch - ful care, Pure be -
 shun a task. All I owe to thee, More and
 nev - er, I shall nev - er know.
 shun a task, a no - ble task.

*rit.**ff*

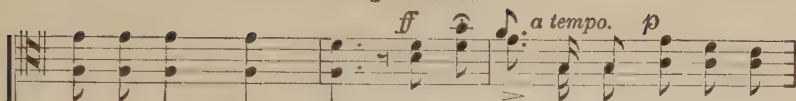
yond com - pare, Nev - er fail - ing me wher - e'er I go. Though a -
 more I see, And so slight re - turn thy love doth ask. May my

*p**pp poco rit.*

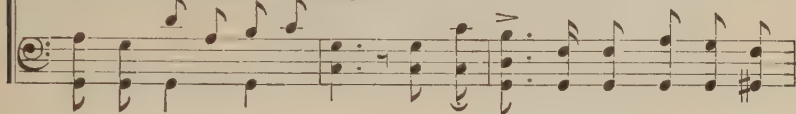
far I roam From thy sweet face at home, Yet it shall
 will - ing feet O - bey thy bid - ding sweet; But if they

*mf*

My Mother



nev - er fade from me, May each pass - ing year Still spare thee,
heed-less go a - stray, Then thy ten - der eyes, So full of
nev - er, nev - er fade from me.
heed-less, heed-less go a - stray.



Moth - er dear, If thou were gone, the house would emp - ty be.
sad sur - prise, Will draw me safe - ly back to thy dear way.



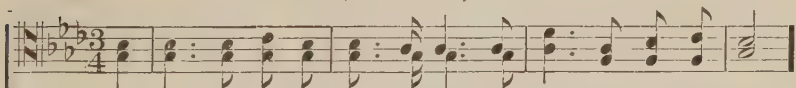
95

We May Not Climb

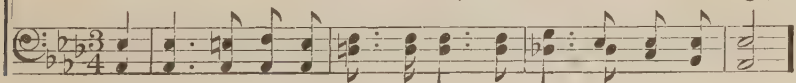
JOHN G. WHITTIER

(Arr. H. P. M.)

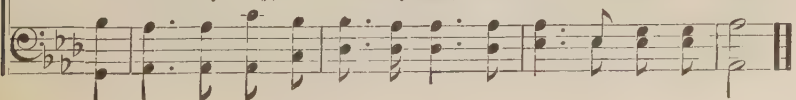
WM. VINCENT WALLACE



1. We may not climb the heav'n - ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
2. But warm, sweet, ten - der, e - ven yet A pres - ent help is He;
3. The heal - ing of the seam - less dress Is by our beds of pain;
4. O Lord and Mas - ter of us all, What'er our name or sign,



In vain we search the low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
And faith has still its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.
We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine!

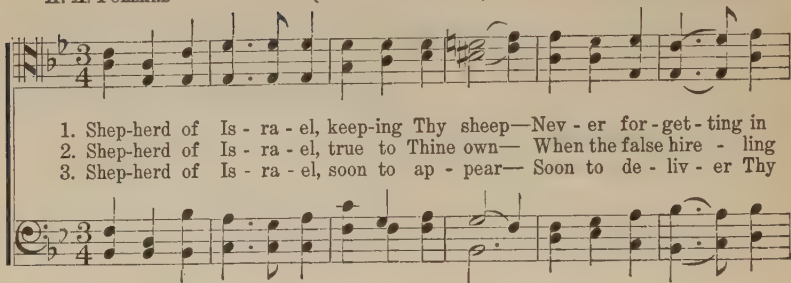


Shepherd of Israel

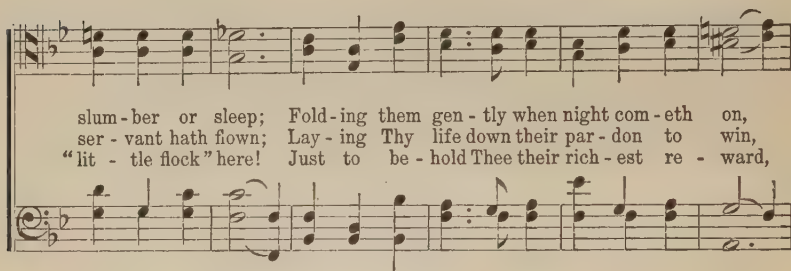
A. A. POLLARD

(Arr. P. H. Metcalf)

GEO. C. STEBBINS



1. Shep-herd of Is - ra - el, keep-ing Thy sheep—Nev - er for-get-ting in
 2. Shep-herd of Is - ra - el, true to Thine own— When the false hire - ling
 3. Shep-herd of Is - ra - el, soon to ap - pear— Soon to de - liv - er Thy

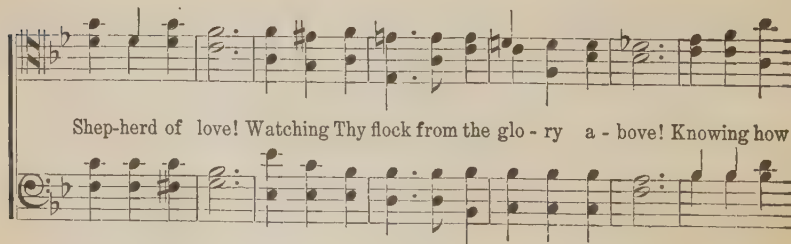


slum-ber or sleep; Fold-ing them gen - tly when night com - eth on,
 ser - vant hath flown; Lay - ing Thy life down their par - don to win,
 "lit - tle flock" here! Just to be - hold Thee their rich - est re - ward,



CHORUS.

Go - ing be - fore them at break of the dawn! }
 Shed-ding Thy blood to re-deem them from sin! } Shep-herd of Is - ra - el!
 Shep-herd of Is - ra - el, Je - sus their Lord! }



Shep-herd of love! Watching Thy flock from the glo - ry a - bove! Knowing how

Shepherd of Israel

wea - ry their wil - der - ness way; Pray - ing for them, ev - er liv - ing to pray!

97

Abide with Me

(The music dedicated to the memory of a Christian father, by his son)

H. F. LYTE

GEO. B. HODGE

p legato.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. Not a brief glance I beg, a pass - ing word, But as Thou
4. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deep - ens — Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail,
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all
dwell'st with Thy dis - ci - ples, Lord — Fa - mil - iar, con - de - scend -
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my guide
gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's

and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!
a - round I see; O Thou, who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
ing, pa - tient, free; Come, not to so - journ, but a - bide with me!
and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me!
vain shad - ows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

Soldiers of Christ, Arise

(Melody in 2d Tenor)

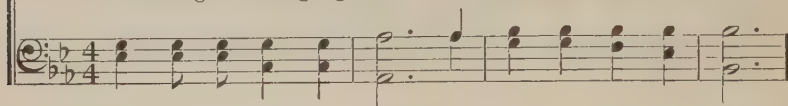
CHARLES WESLEY

(Arr. G. B. H.)

GEO. J. ELVEY



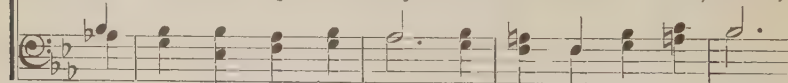
1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your arm - or on;
 2. Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength en - dued;
 3. From strength to strength go on, Wres - tle, and fight, and pray;



Strong in the strength which God supplies, Thro' His e - ter - nal Son.
 But take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God;
 Tread all the pow'rs of dark-ness down, And win the well-fought day.



Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in His might - y pow'r;
 That, hav - ing all things done, And all your con - flicts passed,
 Still let the Spir - it cry In all His sol - diers, "Come,"



Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con - quer - or.
 Ye may o'er - come thro' Christ a - lone, And stand en - tire at last.
 Till Christ the Lord de - scend from high, And take the con - qu' - rors home.



Lest We Forget

RUDYARD KIPLING
With dignity.

(Recessional)

HUBERT P. MAIN

1. God of our fa - thers, known of old, Lord of our far - flung
2. The tu - mult and the shout - ing dies, The cap - tains and the
3. Far - called, our na - vies melt a - way, On dune and head - land
4. For hea - then heart that puts her trust In reek - ing tube and

bat - tle line, Be - neath whose aw - ful hand we hold Do - min - ion
kings de - part; Still stands Thine an - cient sac - ri - fice, A hum - ble
sinks the fire; Lo, all our pomp of yes - ter - day Is one with
i - ron shard, All val - iant dust that builds on dust, And guarding,

Devotional.

o - ver palm and pine, — Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
and a con - trite heart. Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Nin - e - veh and Tyre! Judge of the na - tions, spare us yet,
calls not Thee to guard, For fran - tic boast and fool - ish word, —

For last stanza.

rit.
Lest we for - get — Lest we for - get!
Lest we for - get — Lest we for - get!
Lest we for - get — Lest we for - get!
(Omit for 4th stanza.....) Thy mer - cy on Thy peo - ple, Lord!

Annie Laurie

(Melody in 2d Tenor)

(Arr. G. B. H.)

Mr. DOUGLAS

Moderato.

ALICE SPOTTISWOOD

1. Max - wel-ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew;
 2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan,
 3. Like the dew on gow-an ly - ing, Is the fa' o'her fai - ry feet,

And it's there that An - nie Lau - rie Gied me her prom - ise true,
 Her face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on,
 And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing Her voice is low and sweet,

Gied me her prom - - ise true, Which
 That e'er the sun shone on,
 Her voice is low and sweet, And she's
 Gied me her prom - ise true,

ne'er for - got will be, — And for Bon - nie An - nie
 dark blue is her e'e, — And for Bon - nie An - nie
 a' the world to me, — And for Bon - nie An - nie
 Which ne'er for - get will be, —

Annie Laurie



Musical notation for the song "Annie Laurie". It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Lau - rie I'd lay I'd lay me down and dee.
I'd lay me down and dee.

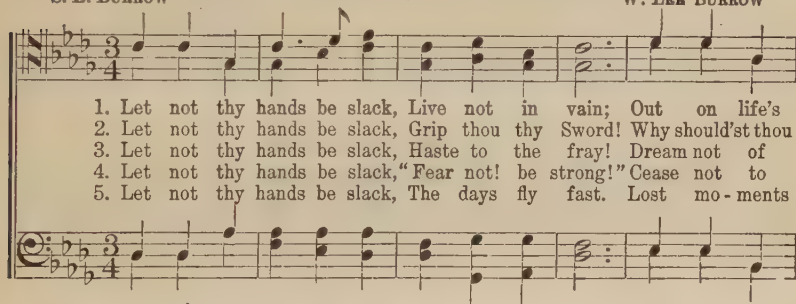
101

Let not Thy Hands be Slack

(From British and Colonial Y. M. C. A. Review, 1910)

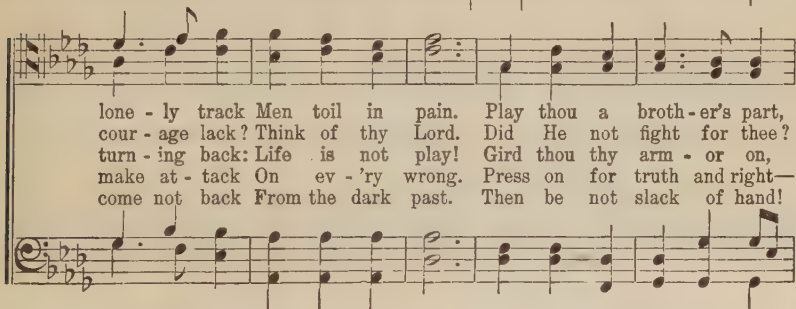
S. E. BURROW

W. LEE BURROW



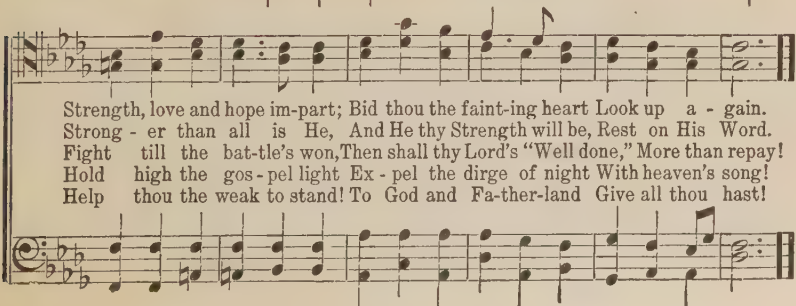
Musical notation for the song "Let not Thy Hands be Slack". It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1. Let not thy hands be slack, Live not in vain; Out on life's
2. Let not thy hands be slack, Grip thou thy Sword! Why should'st thou
3. Let not thy hands be slack, Haste to the fray! Dream not of
4. Let not thy hands be slack, "Fear not! be strong!" Cease not to
5. Let not thy hands be slack, The days fly fast. Lost mo - ments



Musical notation for the song "Let not Thy Hands be Slack". It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

lone - ly track Men toil in pain. Play thou a broth - er's part,
cour - age lack? Think of thy Lord. Did He not fight for thee?
turn - ing back: Life is not play! Gird thou thy arm - or on,
make at - tack On ev - 'ry wrong. Press on for truth and right—
come not back From the dark past. Then be not slack of hand!



Musical notation for the song "Let not Thy Hands be Slack". It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.


Strength, love and hope im-part; Bid thou the faint-ing heart Look up a - gain.
Strong - er than all is He, And He thy Strength will be, Rest on His Word.
Fight till the bat-tle's won, Then shall thy Lord's "Well done," More than repay!
Hold high the gos-pel light Ex - pel the dirge of night With heaven's song!
Help thou the weak to stand! To God and Fa-ther-land Give all thou hast!

Saved by Grace


(Melody of Solo in 2d Tenor)

FANNY J. CROSBY (Arranged for and sung by the Amphion Quartet) GEO. C. STEBBINS

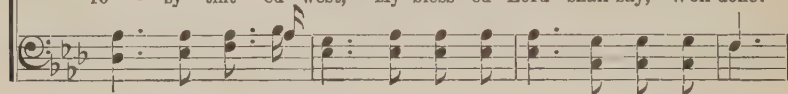
mf



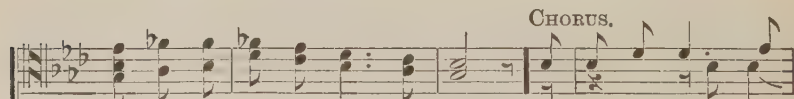
1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no
 2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can - not
 3. Some day, when fades the gold - en sun Be - neath the



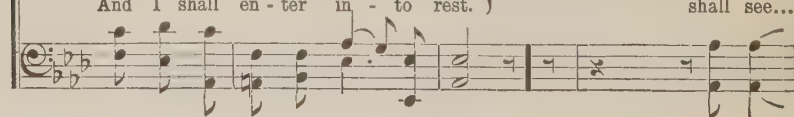
more as now shall sing; But O the joy when I shall wake
 tell how soon 'twill be, But this I know—my "All in All
 ro - sy - tint - ed west, My bless - ed Lord shall say, "Well done!"



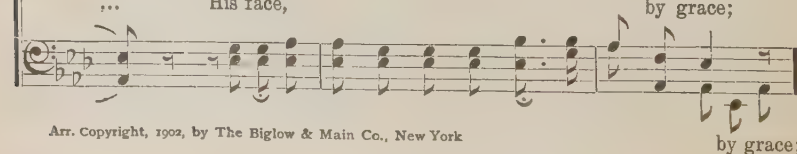
CHORUS.



With - in the pal - ace of the King! } And I shall see Him
 Has now a place in heav'n for me.
 And I shall en - ter in - to rest. } shall see...



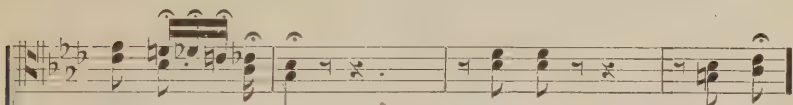
face to face, And tell the sto - ry—saved by grace;
 ... His face, by grace;
 by grace;



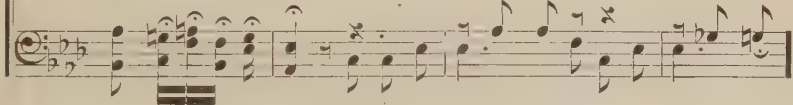
Saved by Grace



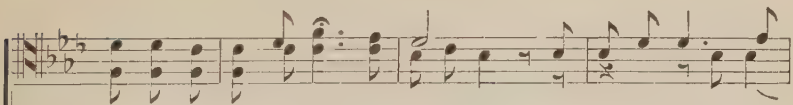
And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto -
shall see..... His face,



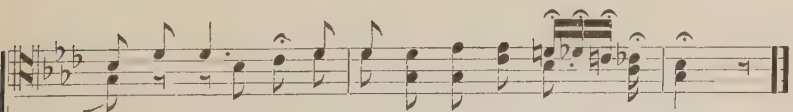
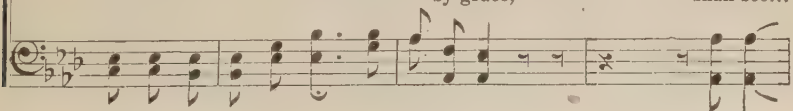
ry— saved by grace; shall see His face,



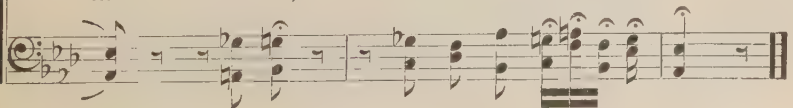
And I shall see Him face to face,



And tell the sto - ry—saved by grace, And I shall see Him
by grace, shall see...



face to face, And tell the sto - ry— saved by grace.
... His face,



The Sweetest Name is Jesus

(Introducing "The Sweetest Name" by W. B. Bradbury)

GEO. W. BETHUNE

C. B. RUTENBER

mf *Moderato.**dim.*

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav - en
 2. And when He hung up - on the tree, They wrote this name a - bove Him
 4. O Je - sus! by that matchless Name Thy grace shall fail us nev - er,

The name, be - fore His won - drous birth, To Christ the Sa - viour giv - en.
 That all might see the rea - son we For - ev - er - more must love Him.
 To - day as yes - ter - day the same, Thou art the same for - ev - er.

We love to sing of Christ our King, And hail Him bless - ed Je - sus!
 We love to sing of Christ our King, And hail Him bless - ed Je - sus!
 We love to sing of Christ our King, And hail Him bless - ed Je - sus!

For there's no word ear ev - er heard, So dear, so sweet, as "Je - sus!"
 For there's no word ear ev - er heard, So dear, so sweet, as "Je - sus!"
 For there's no word ear ev - er heard, So dear, so sweet, as "Je - sus!"

FINE.

The Sweetest Name is Jesus

3. So now, up - on His Fa-ther's throne—Al-might-y to re - lease us

mf SOLO.

p
(Hum.) Ah..... Ah.....

(Hum.) Ah..... Ah.....

From sin and pain—He ev - er reigns, The Prince and Sa-viour, Je - sus.

Ah.....

Ah.....

Ah.....

p

mf

We love to sing of Christ our King, And hail Him bless-ed Je - sus!

Ah.....

mf PARTS.

dim.

poco rit. D. C. for 4th V.

For there's no word ear ev - er heard, So dear, so sweet, as "Je - sus!"

Ah.....

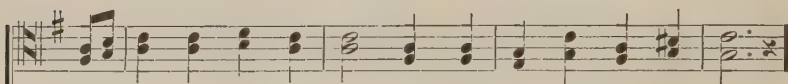
Anon.

(Arr. Joseph Fletcher)

Anon.

Allegretto moderato.

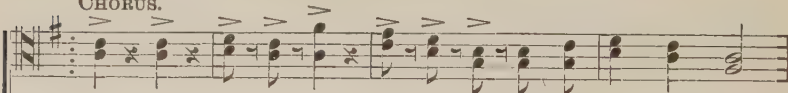
1. 'Tis moon-light on the sea, boys, Our boat is on the strand;
 2. The zeph - yrs woo the spray, boys, Their laugh-ter fills the air;
 3. What tho' the dark rocks frown, boys, Their home is on the shore;



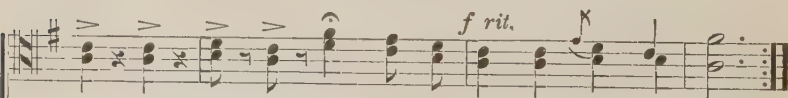
She bids us all be free, boys, And seek a fair - er land.
 We'll bid them wake our song, boys, And steal a - way our care.
 When fair - er lands ap - pear, boys, Our dan - gers will be o'er.



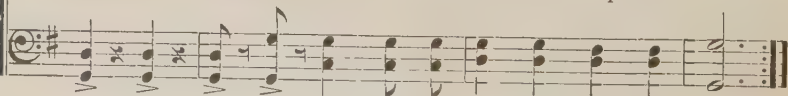
CHORUS.



Dip, boys, dip the oar, Bid fare-well to the dusk - y shore;



Free - dom ours shall be, As we cross the deep blue sea.



JULIA A. JOHNSTON

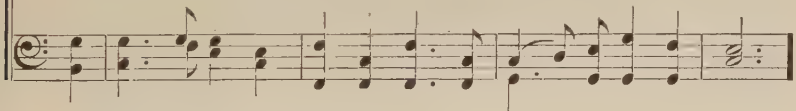
I. ALLAN SANKEY



1. To you, to you the call rings out, Go work to-day, to - day.
2. Go forth to sow, go forth to reap, What-ev - er God's com-mand.
3. In des - ert waste; in whit-'ning field, His la - bor - ers are found.
4. His faith - ful prom - ise ye have heard, Let not your faith grow dim,



Oh, lin - ger not in fear and doubt, The Mas - ter leads the way.
 He gives to each a charge to keep, He holds the will-ing hand.
 Wher-e'er He calls, be swift to yield, Each place is ho - ly ground.
 He call - eth you, O bless - ed word, Co - la - bor - ers with Him.



CHORUS.



Go work to-day, go work to-day, To you, to you rings out the call.



Go find your place, and trust His grace, The Lord hath need of all.



Still, Still with Thee

(Dedicated to the International Quartette)

HARRIET B. STOWE

"A Friend"

1. Still, still with Thee, when pur-ple morn-ing break-eth, When the bird
 2. A - lone with Thee, a - mid the mys-tic shad-ows, The sol-emn
 3. When sinks the soul, sub-dued by toil, to slum-ber, Its clos-ing
 4. So shall it be at last, in that bright morn-ing, When the soul

wak-eth, and the shad-ows flee; Fair-er than morn-ing, lov-li-
 hush of na-ture new-ly born; A - lone with Thee in breath-less
 eyes look up to Thee in pray'r; Sweet the re-pose be-neath Thy
 wak-eth, and life's shad-ows flee; O in that hour, fair-er than

er than day-light, Dawns the sweet con-scious-ness, I am with Thee.
 a - do - ra - tion, In the calm dew and fresh-ness, of the morn.
 wings o'er-shad-ing, But sweet-er still, to wake and find Thee there.
 day - light dawn-ing, Shall rise the glorious thought—I am with Thee.

Copyright, 1912, by International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations

Peace, Perfect Peace

E. H. BICKERSTETH

(Arr. G. B. H.)

G. T. CALDBECK

1. Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin?
 2. Peace, per - fect peace, by throng-ing du - ties press'd?
 3. Peace, per - fect peace, with lov'd ones far a - way?
 4. Peace, per - fect peace, our fu - ture all un - known?

Peace, Perfect Peace

The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in.
 To do the will of Je - sus, this is rest.
 In Je - sus' keep - ing we are safe and they.
 Je - sus we know, and He is on the throne.

108

Come Ye Disconsolate

(Melody in 2d Tenor)

THOMAS MOORE

(Arr. G. B. H.)

S. WEBBE

1. Come ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye lan-guish, Come to the
 2. Joy of the com-fort-less, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
 3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow-ing, Forth from the

mer-cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wound-ed hearts,
 pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure: Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
 throne of God, pure from a-bove; Come to the feast of love,

here tell your an-guish, Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
 ten-der-ly say-ing, Death hath no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure.
 come ev-er know-ing, Earth hath no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

TALHAIRN

mf

All hail to the coun - try where na - ture dis - clos - es Her charms in each

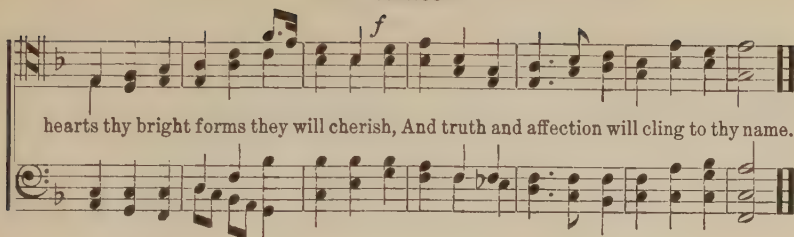
val - ley and heath-cov-er'd hill, 'Mid scenes where the spir - it of

beau - ty re - pos - es In dell, rock, and mount - ain, lake, riv - er and

rill: Shall thy chil-dren dis - own thee, and leave thee to per - ish? Or

tar - nish the glo - ry that cir - cles thy fame? No, no, in their

Wales



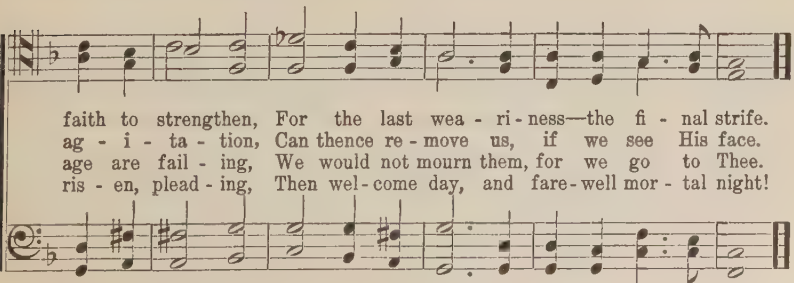
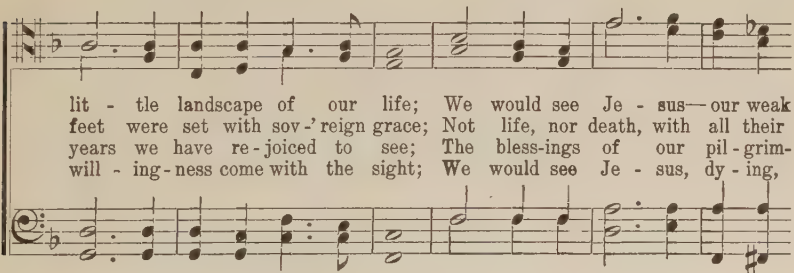
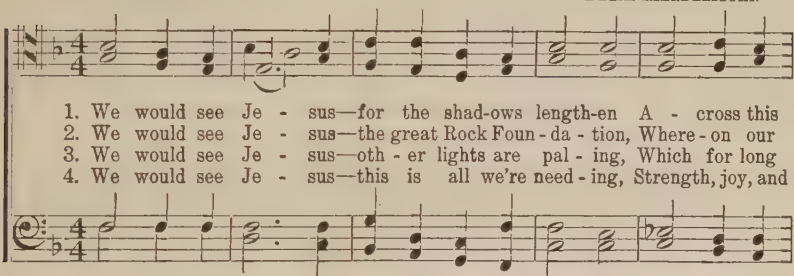
110

We Would See Jesus

(Melody in 2d Tenor)

ANNA B. WARNER

FELIX MENDELSSOHN



One Sweetly Solemn Thought

PHOEBE CARY

ROBERT S. AMBROSE

One sweet-ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;
solemn thought

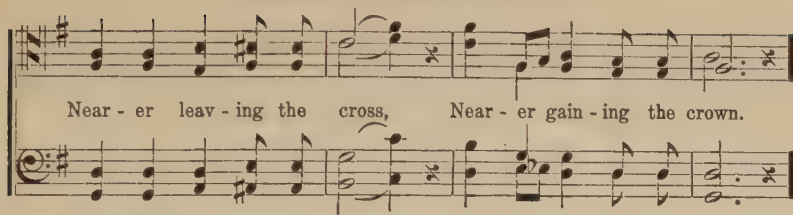
I am near - er home to - day, Than I've ev - er been be - fore.

Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where the man - y man - sions be;

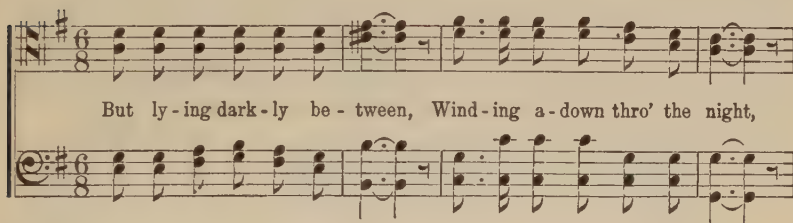
Near - er the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea.
crys-tal sea.

Near - er the bounds of life, Where we lay our bur - dens down;
the bounds of life,

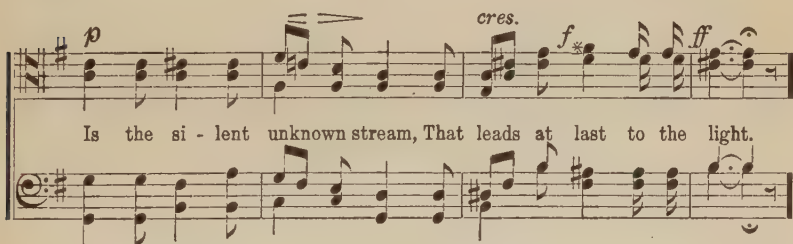
One Sweetly Solemn Thought



Near - er leav - ing the cross, Near - er gain - ing the crown.



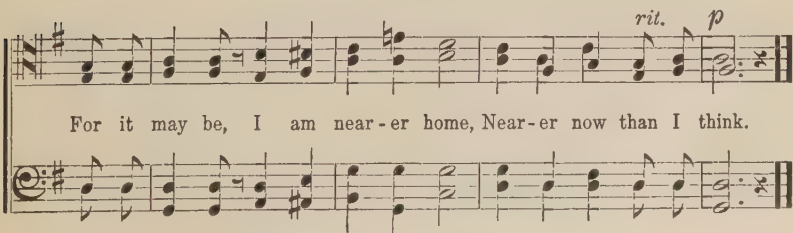
But ly - ing dark - ly be - tween, Wind - ing a - down thro' the night,



Is the si - lent unknown stream, That leads at last to the light.



Fa - ther, be near when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the brink;
when my feet



For it may be, I am near - er home, Near - er now than I think.

Anon.

(Arr. H. P. M. & G. B. H.)

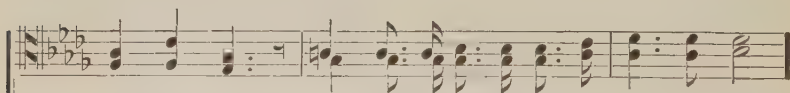
J. FAURE



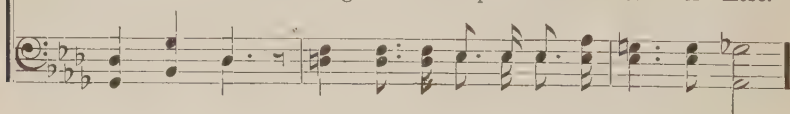
1. O'er all the way, green palms and blos-soms gay Are strewn this
 2. His word goes forth and peo-ples by its might, Free-dom re-
 3. Sing and re-joice, O blest Je-ru-sa-lem, Of all thy



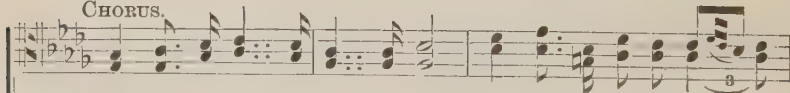
day in fes-tal pre-pa-a-tion; Where Je-sus comes to wipe our
 gains once more from deg-ra-da-tion; Hu-man-i-ty doth give to
 sons, sing the e-man-ci-pa-tion; Thro' bound-less love, the Christ of



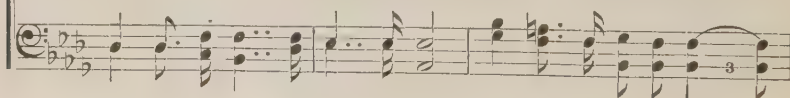
tears a-way, E'en now the throng to wel-come Him pre-pare.
 each his right, While those in dark-ness find re-stored the light.
 Beth-le-hem Brings faith and hope to thee for ev-er-more.



CHORUS.



Join all and sing, His name de-clare, Let ev-ry voice re-sound with



The Palms

Ho - san - na! Praised be the Lord!

ac - cla - ma - tion: Praise ye the Lord, O praise the Lord!

Ho - san - na! Praise to the Lord!

Bless Him who cometh to bring us sal - va - tion.

113

At the Foot of Calvary

H. S. NINDE

(Easter Morning)

HUBERT P. MAIN

1. At the foot of Cal - va - ry, Crownéd with its crosses three; 'Mid a gar - den's
2. Bringing spices rich and rare, Woman's love and woman's care, Hast'ning in the
3. Winging downward from the sky, Scanning earth with eager eye, An - gels seek the
4. Messengers from heaven's throne, Come to roll a - way the stone, Come to roll a -
5. Christ is ris'n, is ris'n indeed; He His conqu'ring host shall lead; Sing, O earth! ye

leaf - y gloom, Dead in Joseph's rock - hewn tomb, Son of Ma - ry; Son of God.
 ear - ly day To the gar - den where He lay, Son of Ma - ry; Son of God.
 gar - den bloom, Seek within that Eas - ter tomb, Son of Ma - ry; Son of God.
 way our night, Her - ald - ing the Lord of Light; Son of Ma - ry; Son of God.
 heavens, sing Al - le - lu - ia to our King! Son of Ma - ry; Son of God.

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS

J. A. P. SCHULTZE



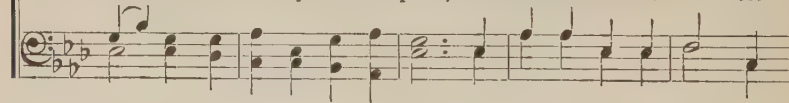
1. We plough the fields and scat - ter The good seed on the land, But it is
2. He on - ly is the Mak - er Of all things near and far; He paints the
3. We thank Thee, then, O Fa - ther, For all things bright and good, The seed-time



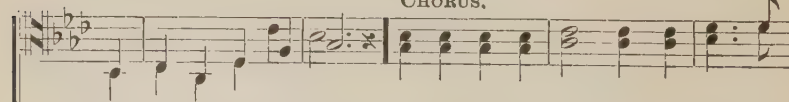
fed and wa - tered By God's al - might - y hand; He sends the snow in
way-side flow - er, He lights the eve - ning star; The winds and waves o -
and the har - vest, Our life, our health, our food; Ac - cept the gifts we



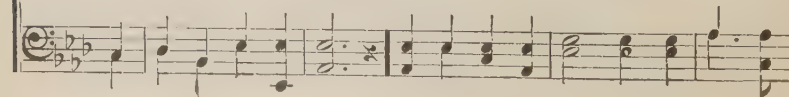
win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breez - es and the sun - shine,
bey Him, By Him the birds are fed; Much more to us, His chil - dren,
of - fer For all Thy love im - parts, And what Thou most de - sir - est—



CHORUS.



And soft, re - fresh - ing rain. }
He gives our dai - ly bread. } All good gifts a - round us Are sent from
Our hum - ble, thank - ful hearts. }



We Plough the Fields

heav'n a - bove; Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, For all His love.

115

The Warrior's Prayer

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR

ROBERT JERMAIN COLE

1. I do not ask that Thou shalt front the fray, And
 2. When foes up - on me press, let me not quail Nor
 3. Still let mine eyes look ev - er on the foe, Still
 4. And when, at e - ven - tide, the fray is done, My

drive the war - ring foe - men from my sight; I on - ly
 think to turn me in - to cow - ard flight, I on - ly
 let mine arm - or ease me strong and bright, And grant me,
 soul to Death's bed - cham - ber do Thou light, And give me,

Strength, strength for the fight,

ask, O Lord, by night, by day Strength for the fight, for the fight!
 ask, to make mine arms pre - vail, Strength for the fight, for the fight!
 as I deal each righteous blow, Strength for the fight, for the fight!
 be the field or lost or won, Rest from the fight, from the fight!

Love's Old, Sweet Song

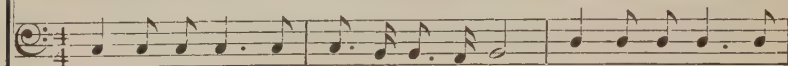
(Arr. G. B. H.)

J. L. MOLLOY

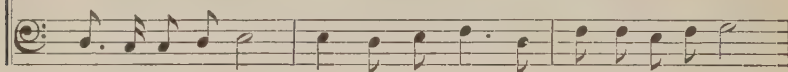


Hm

1. Once in the dear old days be-yond re-call, When on the world the
 2. Ev-en to-day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it



mists be-gan to fall, Out of the dreams that rise in hap-py throng,
 dwells for-ev-er-more; Foot-steps may fal-ter, wea-ry grow the way,



Hm.....

Low in our hearts love sang an old, sweet song; And in the dusk where
 Still we can hear it at the close of day; So to the end, when

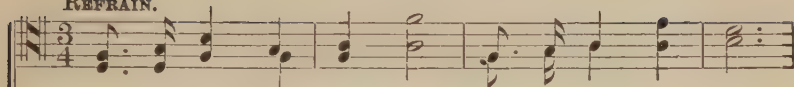


fell the fire-light gleam, Soft-ly it wove it-self in-to our dream.
 life's dim shadows fall, Low will be found the sweetest song of all.



Love's Old, Sweet Song

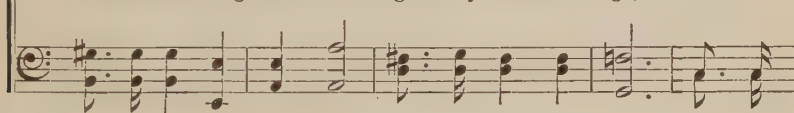
REFRAIN.



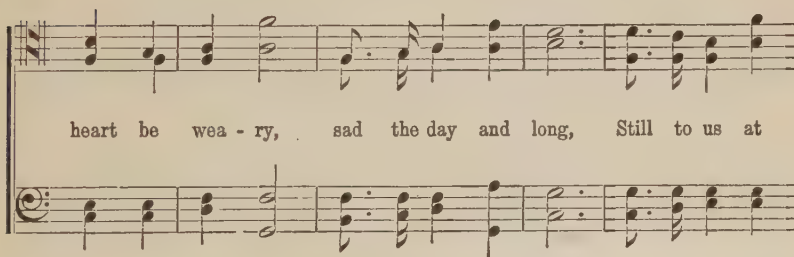
Just a song at twi - light, when the lights are low,



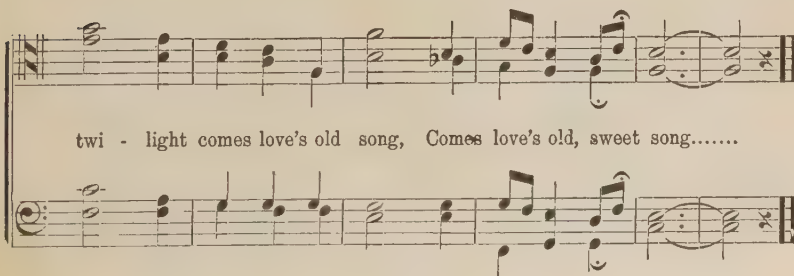
And the flick-'ring shad - ows gen - tly come and go; Tho' the



heart be wea - ry, sad the day and long, Still to us at

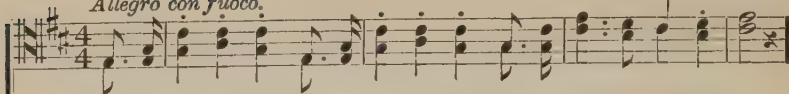


twi - light comes love's old song, Comes love's old, sweet song.....



Anon.

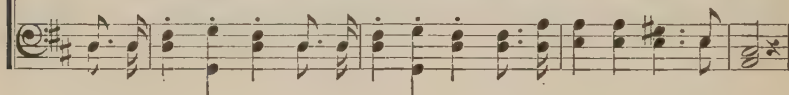
FRANZ ABT

Allegro con fuoco.

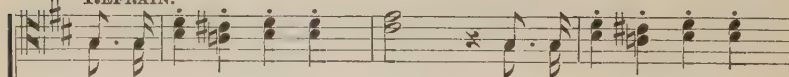
1. Hear the Temp'rance call, Freemen, one and all! Hear your country's earnest cry!
2. Leave the shop and farm, Leave your bright hearths warm; To the polls! the land to save;
3. Hail our fa-ther-land! Here thy children stand, All re-solved, u - ni - ted true,



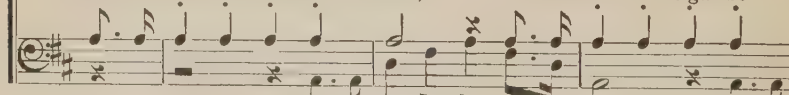
See your na - tive land, Lift its beck'ning hand, "Sons of freedom," come ye nigh.
 Let your lead - ers be True and no - ble, free, Fearless, temp'rate, good and brave.
 In the temp'rance cause, Ne'er to faint or pause; This our pur - pose is, and view.



REFRAIN.



Chase the mon-ster from our shore, Let his cru - el reign be



Chase the mon-ster from our shore, Let his



o'er; Chase the mon-ster from our shore, Let his cru - el reign be o'er.



cru - el reign be o'er; from our shore,

I have a Friend so Precious

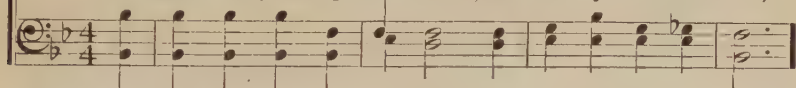
MARY A. E. S. LANCASTER, 1890

(My Lord and I)

HUBBERT P. MAIN



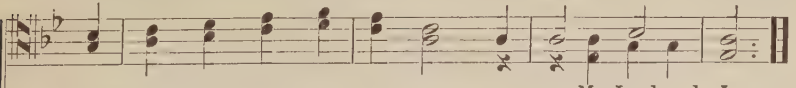
1. I have a Friend so pre-cious, So ve-ry dear to me,
2. Some-times I'm faint and wea-ry, He knows that I am weak,
3. I tell Him all my sor-rows, I tell Him all my joys,
4. He knows how I am long-ing Some wea-ry soul to win,
5. I have His yoke up-on me, And ea-sy 'tis to bear;



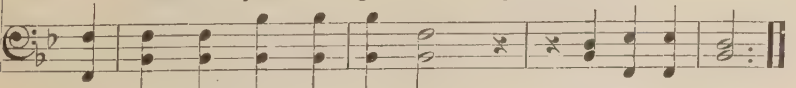
He loves me with such ten-der love He loves so faith-ful-ly;
 And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I glad-ly seek;
 I tell Him all that pleas-es me, I tell Him what an-noys;
 And so He bids me go and speak The lov-ing word for Him;
 In bur-dens which He car-ries, I would glad-ly take a share;



I could not live a-part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,
 He leads me in the paths of light, Be-neath a sun-ny sky,
 He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me how to try,
 He bids me tell His won-drous love, And why He came to die,
 For 'tis my high-est hap-pi-ness To have Him al-ways nigh,



			My Lord and I.
And so we dwell to- geth- er,	My	Lord and	I.
And so we walk to- geth- er,	My	Lord and	I.
And so we talk to- geth- er,	My	Lord and	I.
And so we work to- geth- er,	My	Lord and	I.
We bear the yoke to- geth- er,	My	Lord and	I.



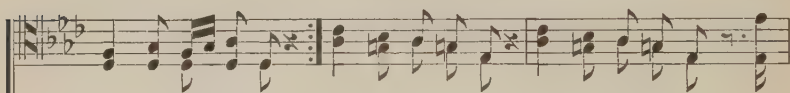
Our Flag

(Arr. G. B. H. and H. P. M.)

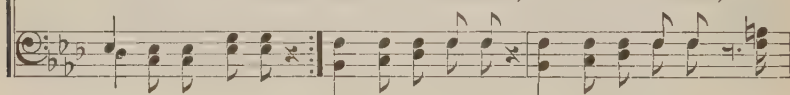
G. VERDI

"Anvil Chorus," in *Il Trovatore*

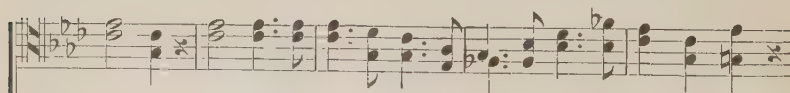
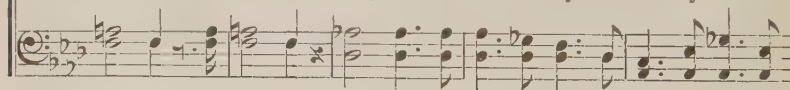
1. { See the proud ban-ner of Lib-er-ty streaming, Its bright starry folds o'er us
Hear the loud trumpet its war-note repeating, The roll of the drums where brave
2. { Bright starry banner! thy fame we will cherish, And shield thee and save thee, or
Proud-ly our ea-gles are float-ing a-bove thee, Co-lum-bia, for-ev-er we



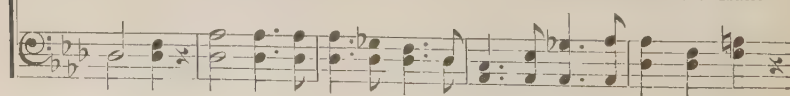
ra - diant-ly gleaming; }
 ar - mies are meet-ing. } Hail! land of freedom, Hail! land of freedom, Co -
 no - bly will per-ish: } Hail! land of freedom, Hail! land of freedom, Co -
 bless thee and love thee! }



lum - bia! Co-lum - bia! On, on to glo-ry's field, our proud flag o'er us
 lum - bia! Co-lum - bia! On, on to vit - to - ry our coun-try now and



wav - ing! Marching to conquest, ev-'ry dan - ger no - bly braving. March,
 ev - er, Pal-sied the trait-or hand our Un-ion that would sev-er: Hail!



Our Flag

march, march on to vic - to - ry! March on! march on! march!
hail! hail! land of Lib - er - ty! Hail, no - ble land, hail,

march on! march on! march! March on to vic - to - ry!
hail no - ble land, hail! Hail land of Lib - er - ty!

120

Just as I Am

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

GEO. B. HODGE

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With ma - ny a con - flict, ma - ny a
4. Just as I am - Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re -

me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God I come!
blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God I come!
doubt, Fight-ings and fears, with-in, with - out, O Lamb of God I come!
lieve; Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God I come!

He was Rejected

GEO. B. HODGE

f *slow*

1. He was de - spis - ed, He was de - spis - ed and re - ject - ed of
 2. He was de - spis - ed, He was de - spis - ed and to sin - ners be -

f *rit.*

men, And re - ject - ed of men, And re - ject - ed, re - ject - ed of men.
 trayed, And to sin - ners betrayed, And to sin - ners, to sin - ners be - trayed.

p

A man of sor - rows and ac - quaint - ed with grief, A man of
 His life an off - 'ring for the lost world He gave, His life an

After 2d verse only.
f *faster.*

sor - rows and ac - quaint - ed with grief.
 off - 'ring for the lost world He gave. All praise and glo - ry,

He was Rejected

rit.

All praise to Him, All praise to Him, to Him that was slain.

122

Benediction Hymn

(Melody in 2d Tenor)

(Arr. E. M. F.)

JOHN ELLERTON

E. J. HOPKINS

1. Sa - viour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -
 2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home-ward way; With Thee be -
 3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com - ing night; Turn Thou for
 4. Grant us Thy peace through-out our earth - ly life, Our balm in

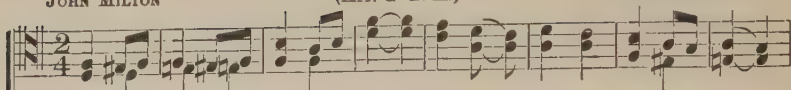
cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee
 gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from
 us its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger
 sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall

ere our wor-ship cease, Then, still de - lay - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
 sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
 keep Thy chil-dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
 bid our con-flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

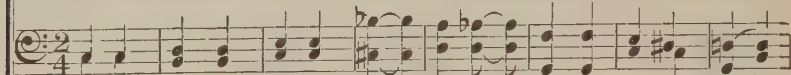
L'Allegro

JOHN MILTON

(Arr. G. B. H.)

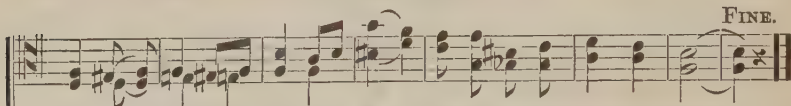
From Melodie in F
ANTON RUBINSTEIN

1. Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee Jest and youth-ful jol - li - ty,
2. Come and trip it as you go On the light fan - tas - tic toe;
3. Then to come in spite of sor-row, And at my win-dow bid good-mor-row
4. Sometimes walk-ing, not un - seen, By hedgerow elms, on hil-locks green,



REF.—These de-lights if thou canst give, Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

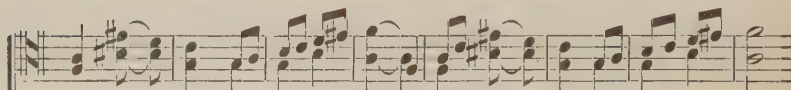
FINE.



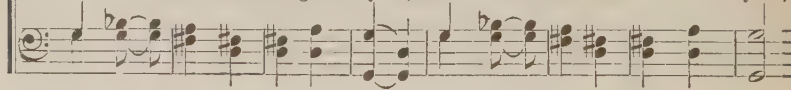
Quips and cranks and wan-ton wiles, Nods and becks and wreathed smiles.
And in thy right hand lead with thee The mountain maid, sweet Lib-er - ty.
Thro' the sweet-briar or the vine, Or the twist-ed eg - lan - tine:
While the plough-man, near at hand, Whistles o'er the fur-rowed land,



Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee Jest and youthful jol - li - ty.



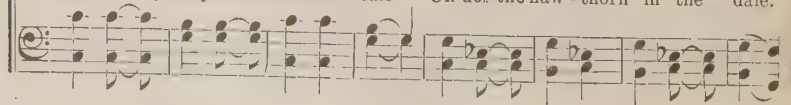
Such as hang on He - be's cheek, And love to live in dim - ple sleek:
Hear the lark be - gin his flight And sing-ing star-tle the dull night
Oft list'n'ing how the hounds and horn Cheer - i - ly rouse the slumb'ring morn
And the milk-maid sing-eth blythe, And the mow-er whets his scythe,



D. C. al Fine for Refrain.



Sport that wrink-led care de-rides, And Laugh-ter hold-ing both his sides.
From his watch-tower in the skies, Till the dap-pled dawn doth rise.
From the side of some hoar hill, Thro' the high wood ech - o - ing shrill.
And ev - 'ry shep-herd tells his tale Un-der the haw - thorn in the dale.

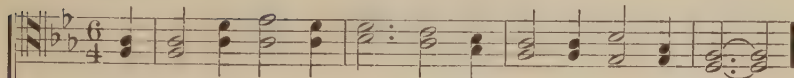


In Loving Adoration

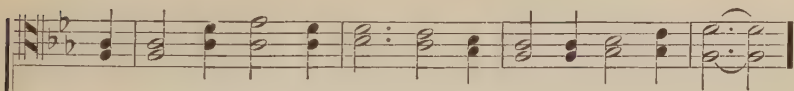
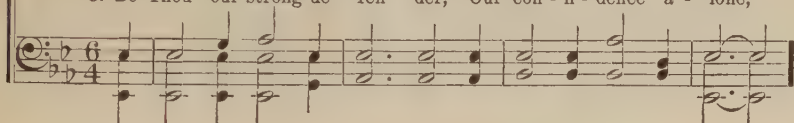
T. B. PENFIELD

(Arr. G. B. H.)

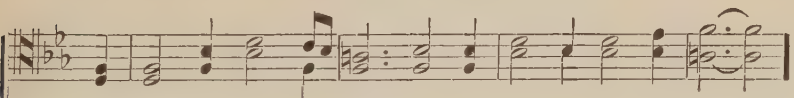
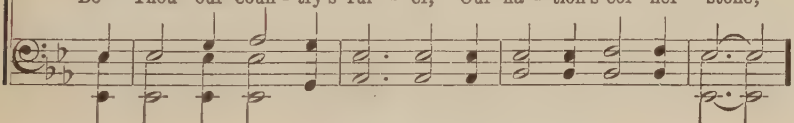
J. P. HOLBROOK



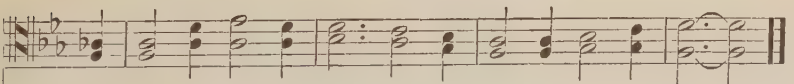
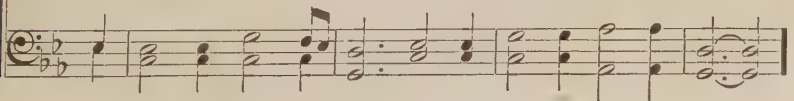
1. In lov - ing ad - o - ra - tion We come to wor - ship Thee,
 2. For mil - lions still in dark - ness With-in this land of light,
 3. Be Thou our strong de - fen - der, Our con - fi - dence a - lone,



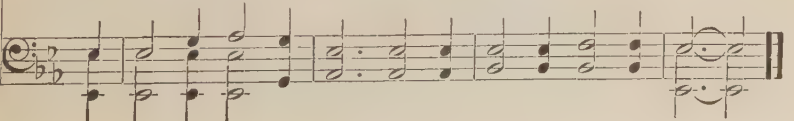
Thou au - thor of sal - va - tion, So won - der - ful, so free;
 For men who've wan - dered blind - ly From God and home and right;
 Be Thou our coun - try's rul - er, Our na - tion's cor - ner - stone;



Oh, teach us how to praise Thee, As we be - fore Thee stand,
 And those who ne'er have seen Thee, Thou God of love and might,
 And thus led by Thy spir - it And heed-ing Thy blest Word,



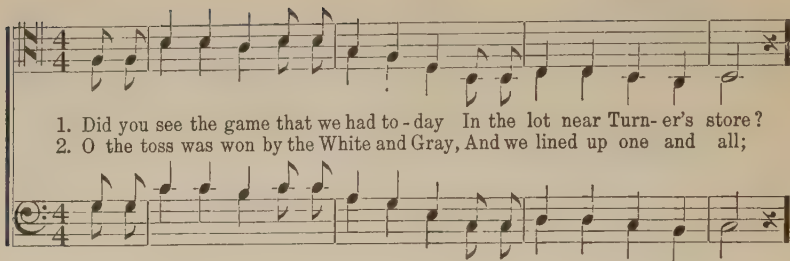
And hear us as we pray Thee, To bless our own dear land.
 We ear - nest-ly be - seech Thee, May they re - ceive their sight.
 From o - cean un - to o - cean All men shall call Thee Lord.



Anon.

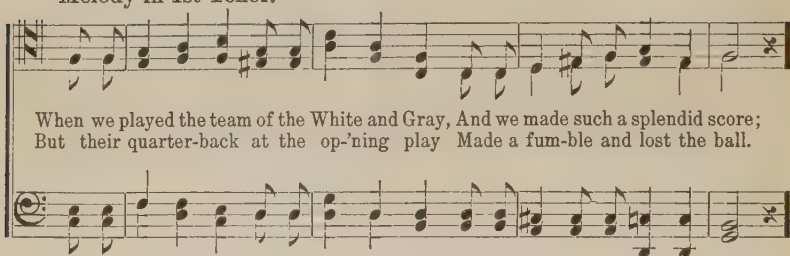
(Arr. G. B. H.)

English Folk Tune



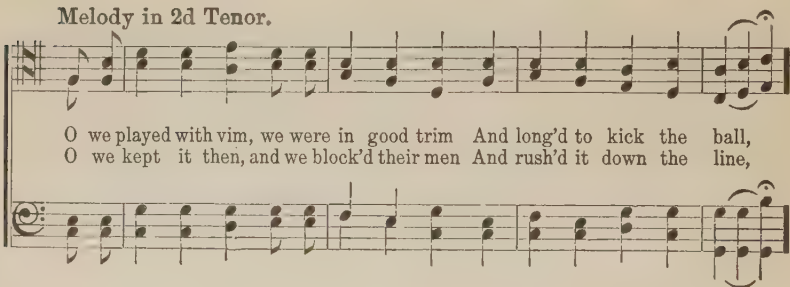
1. Did you see the game that we had to-day In the lot near Turn-er's store?
2. O the toss was won by the White and Gray, And we lined up one and all;

Melody in 1st Tenor.

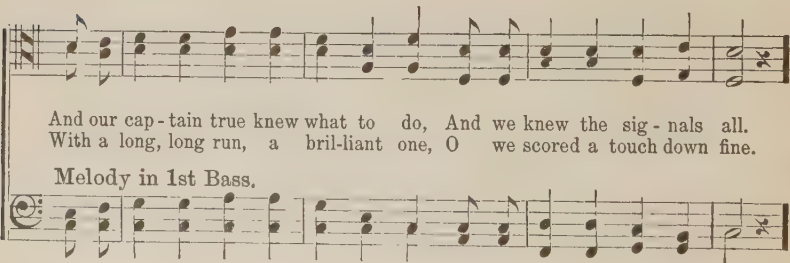


When we played the team of the White and Gray, And we made such a splendid score;
But their quarter-back at the op-ning play Made a fum-ble and lost the ball.

Melody in 2d Tenor.



O we played with vim, we were in good trim And long'd to kick the ball,
O we kept it then, and we block'd their men And rush'd it down the line,

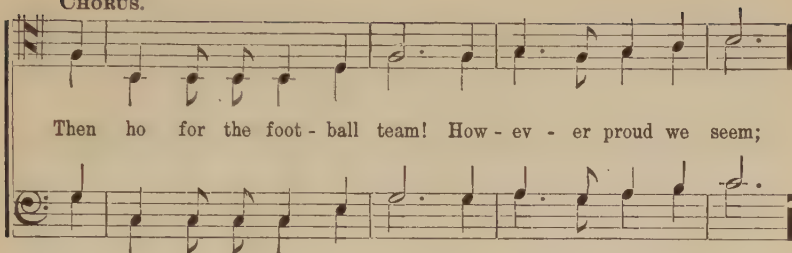


And our cap-tain true knew what to do, And we knew the sig-nals all.
With a long, long run, a bril-liant one, O we scored a touch down fine.

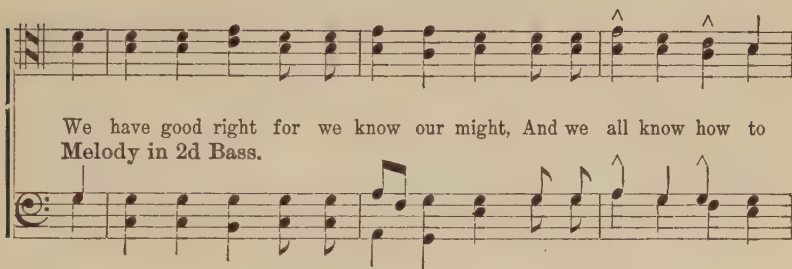
Melody in 1st Bass.

Our Team

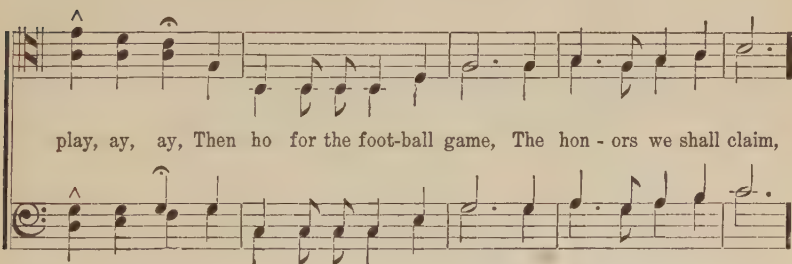
CHORUS.



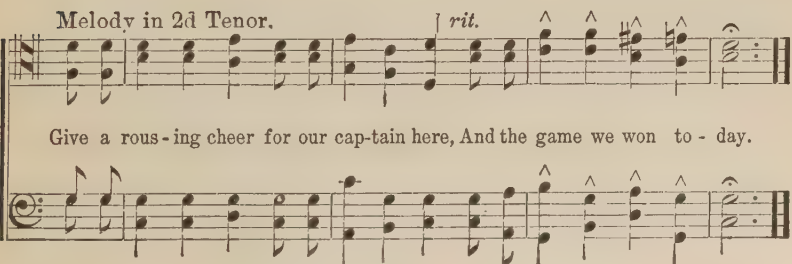
Then ho for the foot - ball team! How - ev - er proud we seem;



We have good right for we know our might, And we all know how to
Melody in 2d Bass.



play, ay, ay, Then ho for the foot-ball game, The hon - ors we shall claim,



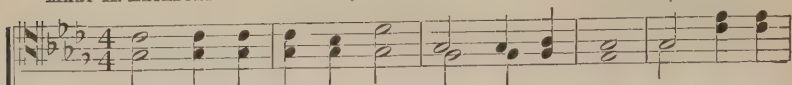
Melody in 2d Tenor. *rit.*

Give a rous-ing cheer for our cap-tain here, And the game we won to - day.

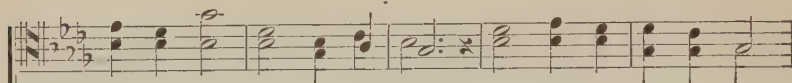
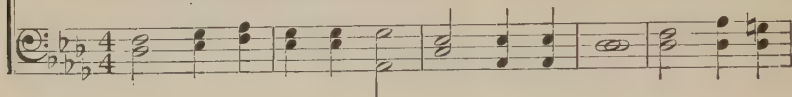
MARY A. LATHBURY

(Arr. G. B. H.)

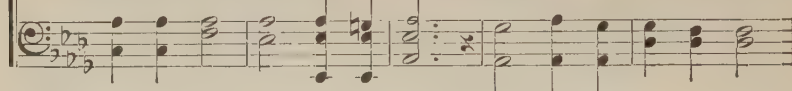
ARTHUR SULLIVAN



1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
 2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me—to me—As Thou didst



- break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
 bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond - age cease,

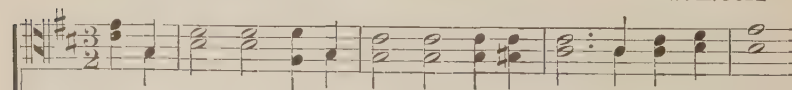


- I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!
 All fet - ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All-in-All!

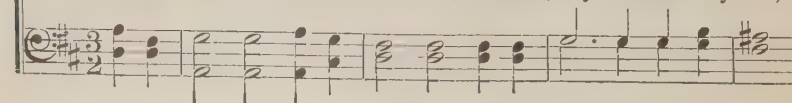


CECIL F. ALEXANDER

W. H. JUDE



1. Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest - less sea;
 2. Je - sus calls us—from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold-en store;
 3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
 4. Je - sus calls us! by Thy mer - cies, Sa-viour, may we hear Thy call;



Jesus Calls Us

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say-ing, Chris-tian, fol-low Me!
 From each i-dol that would keep us— Say-ing, Chris-tian, love Me more!
 Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,—Christian, love Me more than these!
 Give our hearts to Thy o-be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all!

128

Hearer, My God, to Thee

SARAH F. ADAMS

(Arr. M. L. B.)

JUNGET

p Smooth and with expression. Baritone prominent.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en though it
 2. Though like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be
 3. Then with my wak-ing tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my

be a cross That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be,
 o-ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
 sto-ny griefs, Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be

Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.

Dixie

D. D. E.

(Arr. G. B. H.)

DAN D. EMMETT

Con spirito.

1. I wish I was in the land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am
 2. Now here's a health to the next old Mis-sus, An' all the gals dat
 3. Dar's buckwheat cakes an' In-gen' bat-ter, Makes you fat or a

not for-got-ten, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a -
 want to kiss us;
 lit - tle fat-ter; Look a-way! Look a-way!

way! Dix-ie Land. In Dix-ie Land whar I was born in,
 Dix-ie Land. But if you want to drive 'way sor-row,
 Look away! Dix-ie Land. Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble, To

Ear - ly in one frost - y mornin', Look a - way! Look a -
 Come an' hear dis song to-mor-row,
 Dix - ie's Land I'm bound to trabble, Look a - way!

Dixie

way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land! Den I wish I was in
Look'a-way! Look a-way!

Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In Dix - ie Land I'll
Hoo - ray! Hoo-ray!

took my stand, To lib an' die in Dix-ie, A - way, A - way, A -
A-way, A-way,

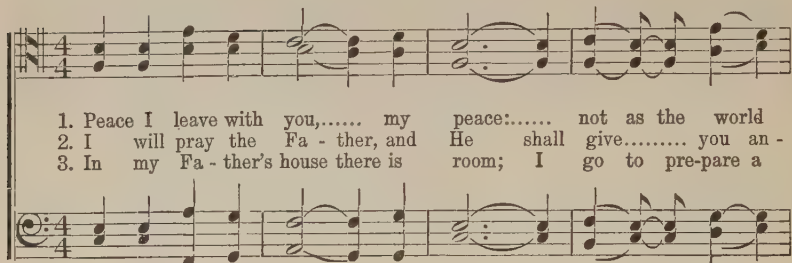
way down south in Dixie, A-way, A-way, Away down south in Dixie.
A-way, A-way,

Peace I Leave with You

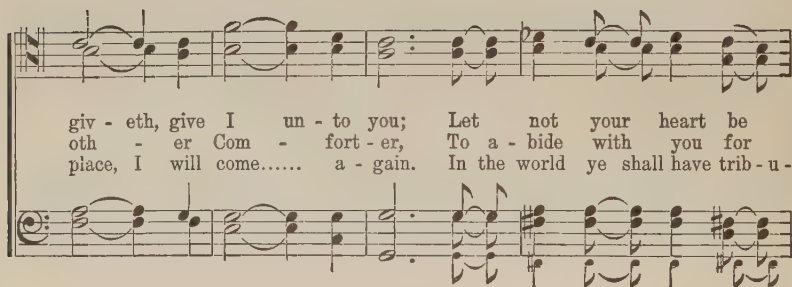
JOHN 14: 15: 16

(Arr. R. J. C.)

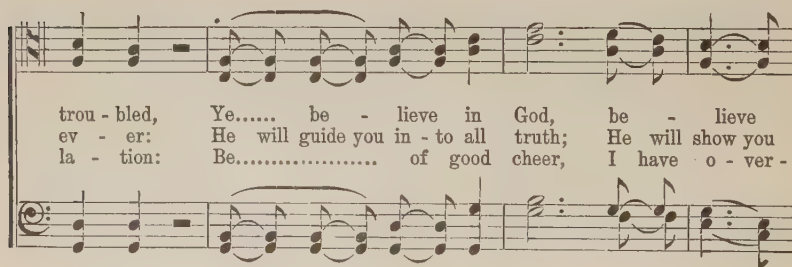
FRIEDRICH KUHLAU



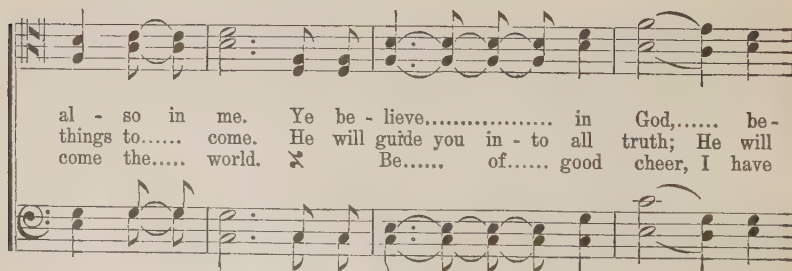
1. Peace I leave with you,..... my peace:..... not as the world
 2. I will pray the Fa - ther, and He shall give..... you an -
 3. In my Fa - ther's house there is room; I go to pre-pare a



giv - eth, give I un - to you; Let not your heart be
 oth - er Com - fort - er, To a - bide with you for
 place, I will come..... a - gain. In the world ye shall have trib - u -



trou - bled, Ye..... be - lieve in God, be - lieve
 ev - er: He will guide you in - to all truth; He will show you
 la - tion: Be..... of good cheer, I have o - ver -



al - so in me. Ye be - lieve..... in God,..... be -
 things to..... come. He will guide you in - to all truth; He will
 come the.... world. Be..... of..... good cheer, I have

Peace I Leave with You

lieve..... al - so in me, Be - lieve in me.
 show you things to..... come, In - to all..... truth.
 o - ver-come the.... world, O - ver-come the world.
 Be - lieve in me.

131

Laudes Domini

Tr. E. CASWALL

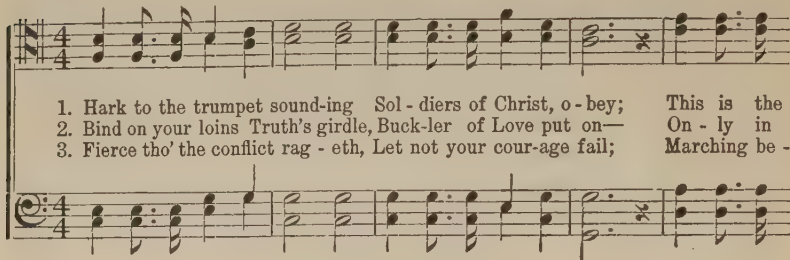
(Arr. G. B. H.)

J. BARNBY

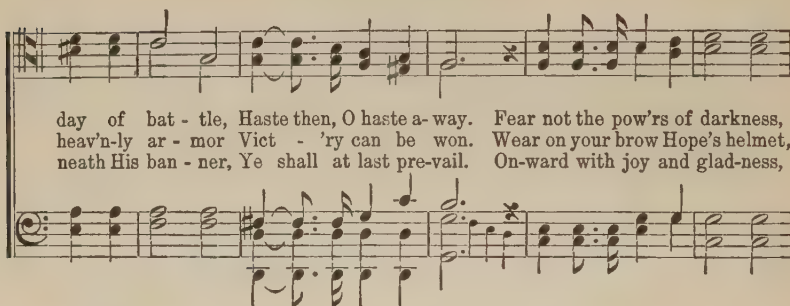
1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries,
 2. When sleep her balm de - nies, My si - lent spir - it sighs,
 3. Does sad - ness fill my mind? A sol - ace here I find,
 4. The night be - comes as day, When from the heart we say,
 5. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine,

May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and pray'r,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! When e - vil thoughts mo - lest,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! Or fades my earth - ly bliss?
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! The pow'rs of dark - ness fear,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! Be this th'e - ter - nal song

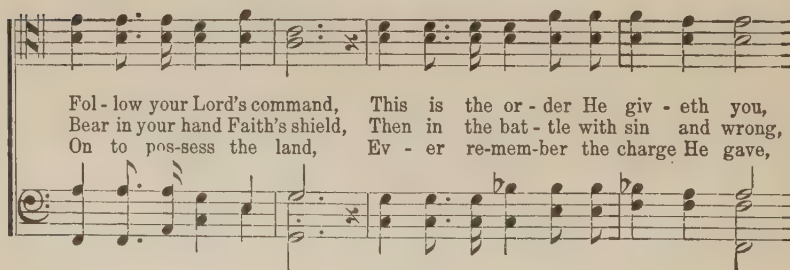
To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 With this I shield my breast, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 My com - fort still is this, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 When this sweet chant they hear, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 Thro' a - ges all a - long, May Je - sus Christ be praised!



1. Hark to the trumpet sound-ing Sol - diers of Christ, o - bey; This is the
 2. Bind on your loins Truth's girdle, Buck-ler of Love put on— On - ly in
 3. Fierce tho' the conflict rag - eth, Let not your cour-age fail; Marching be -

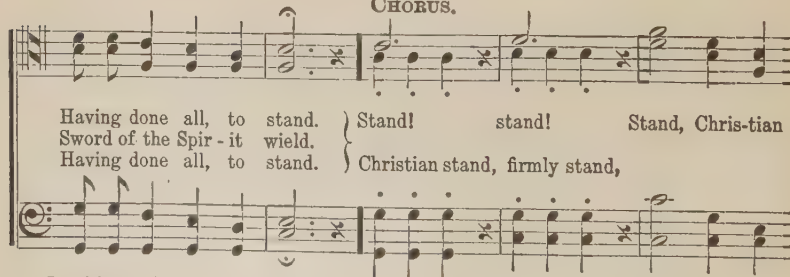


day of bat - tle, Haste then, O haste a-way. Fear not the pow'rs of darkness,
 heav'n-ly ar - mor Vict - 'ry can be won. Wear on your brow Hope's helmet,
 neath His ban - ner, Ye shall at last pre-vail. On-ward with joy and glad-ness,



Fol - low your Lord's command, This is the or - der He giv - eth you,
 Bear in your hand Faith's shield, Then in the bat - tle with sin and wrong,
 On to pos-sess the land, Ev - er re-mem-ber the charge He gave,

CHORUS.



Having done all, to stand. } Stand! stand! Stand, Chris-tian
 Sword of the Spir - it wield. }
 Having done all, to stand. } Christian stand, firmly stand,

Stand, Christian, Stand

rit.

stand! Je-sus, your royal Commander said, Having done all, to stand!
firm-ly stand!

133

No, Not Despairingly

[May be used to words of No. 128]

H. BONAR

(Arr. R. J. C.)

ANN BAIRD SPRATT

1. No, not de - spair - ing - ly Come I to Thee;
2. Ah! mine in - iq - ui - ty Crim - son has been,
3. Lord, I con - fess to Thee Sad - ly my sin;
4. Faith - ful and just art Thou, For - giv - ing all;
5. Then all is peace and light This soul with - in;

No, not dis - trust - ing - ly Bend I the knee: Sin hath gone
In - fi - nite, in - fi - nite Sin up - on sin; Sin of not
All I am, tell I Thee, All I have been; Purge Thou my
Lov - ing and kind art Thou When poor ones call: Lord, let the
Thus shall I walk with Thee, The loved Un - seen; Lean - ing on

o - ver me, Yet this is still my plea, Je - sus hath died.
lov - ing Thee, Sin of not trust - ing Thee, In - fi - nite sin.
sin a - way, Wash Thou my soul this day; Lord, make me clean.
cleansing blood, Blood of the Lamb of God, Pass o'er my soul.
Thee, my God, Guid - ed a - long the road, Noth - ing be - tween.

The Engineer's Song

F. MOHRING

f Con spirito. *cres.*

1. Let sail - ors sing in ec - sta - cy of skimming o'er the sea; Let
 2. The en - gine driv - er gov - erns steam, which governs all the world; At
 3. O tame is ev - 'ry oth - er ride com - pared with that of steam: When

ea - ger hun - ters tell the joy of rid - ing far and free, But swift - er
 his command the train is still, or on - ward swift is hurled; He brings to -
 trees and fields are glid - ing by like phan - toms of a dream; Then fast and

rit. *a tempo.*

runs the "i - ron horse" up - on the lev - el rail, And he that rules it rush - es
 geth - er north and south to grasp the friendly hand, And binds in bonds of u - ni -
 high the pulse will beat, while triumph fills the soul, To know that all this might - y

f

on like cloud be - fore a gale. A - way! a - way! in
 ty the bor - ders of the land. A - way! a - way! in
 force a fin - ger can con - trol. A - way! a - way! in

A-way, a - way, in rap-id flight! a-way, in

The Engineer's Song

rap - id flight, A - way! a - way! Hearts

rap - - id flight! A-way, in rap - id flight! a-way, in rap - id

throb with wild de - light, with wild delight, with wild delight!

throb with wild de-light, with wild de-light, they throb with wild delight!
flight! Hearts throb, hearts throb with wild delight, with wild delight!

135 Stars of the Summer Night.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

I. B. WOODBURY

1. Stars of the sum-mer night! Far in yon a - zure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum-mer night! Far down yon west - ern steepes, Sink, sink in
3. Wind of the sum-mer night! Where yonder woodbine creeps, Fold, fold your

gold-en light; She sleeps, my lady sleeps! She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps!
si - lent light; She sleeps, my lady sleeps! She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps!
pinions light; She sleeps, my lady sleeps! She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps!

FANNY J. CROSBY

HUBERT P. MAIN

1. Hold Thou my hand; so weak I am, and help - less, I dare not
 2. Hold Thou my hand, and clos - er, clos - er draw me To Thy dear
 3. Hold Thou my hand, the way is dark be - fore me With-out the
 4. Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the mar - gin Of that lone

take one step with-out Thy aid; Hold Thou my hand; for then, O
 self—my hope, my joy, my all; Hold Thou my hand, for fear that
 sun - light of Thy face di - vine; But when by faith I catch its
 riv - er Thou didst cross for me, A heav'n - ly light may flash a -

lov - ing Sa - viour, No dread of ill shall make my soul a - fraid.
 I should wan - der, And, miss - ing Thee, my trem - bling feet should fall.
 ra - diant glo - ry, What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine!
 long its wa - ters, And ev - 'ry wave like crys - tal, bright shall be.

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H. BONAR

GEO. B. HODGE

Slow and with much thought and expression.

slower. *f*

1. Time work-eth, let me work too. Time un - do - eth, let me do.
 2. Sin work-eth, let me work too. Sin un - do - eth, let me do.
 3. Death work-eth, let me work too. Death un - do - eth, let me do.

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Time Worketh

a tempo. *slower.* *p*

Bus - y as time my work I ply, Till I rest in the rest of e - ter - ni - ty!
 Bus - y as sin my work I ply, Till I rest in the rest of e - ter - ni - ty!
 Bus - y as death my work I ply, Till I rest in the rest of e - ter - ni - ty!

138

My Jesus, I Love Thee

Anon.

A. J. GORDON

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur - chased my
 3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign, My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say, when the death - dew lies
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sa - viour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee my Je - sus 'tis now.
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee my Je - sus 'tis now.
 cold on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee my Je - sus 'tis now.
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee my Je - sus 'tis now.

Adoration

(Arr. G. B. H.)

BEETHOVEN

1. The heav'n's with praise to the Lord are a-bound-ing, His name to bear a -
 2. The moun-tains praise Him and show forth His glory, The might-y seas His

far they re-joice: The earth, the sea, to His hon-or is sound-ing,
 wis-dom de-clare; The hills and vales tell the won-der-ful sto-ry,

The stars a-
 O man, O

Give ear, O man, to na-ture's voice: The stars a-bove us, who is it up-
 The gold-en grain, the flow-ers fair. O man, O man, join the cho-rus a-

bove us, who is it up-hold-eth,
 man, join the cho-rus a-round you, Who lead-eth to
 Praise Him to whom all

hold-eth, who is it up-hold-eth, Who leadeth from his
 round you, the cho-rus a-round you, Praise Him to whom all

Adoration

from his tent the sun?
whom all praise be-longs,

tent the sun, the sun? He com-eth laugh-ing, His glo-ry un-
praise be - longs, be-longs, To Him be glo-ry, do-min-ion for

fold-eth, A gi-ant strong his race to run, A gi-ant strong his race to run.
ev-er, Whose wondrous works require our songs, Whose wondrous works etc.

140

Waiting

JOHN BURROUGHS

ROBERT JERMAIN COLE

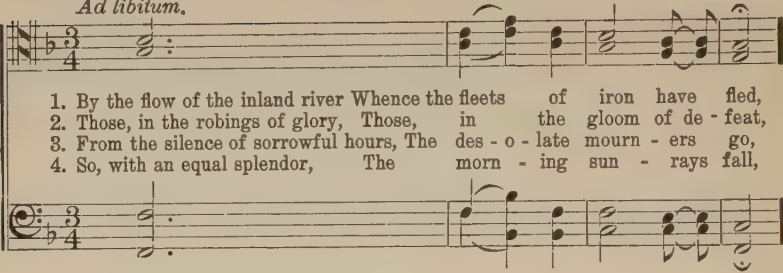
1. Se - rene, I fold my hands and wait, Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea:
2. What mat-ter if I stand a-lone? I wait with joy the com-ing years;
3. The stars come night-ly to the sky; The ti-dal wave un-to the sea;
4. Se - rene, I fold my hands and wait, What-e'er the storms of life may be

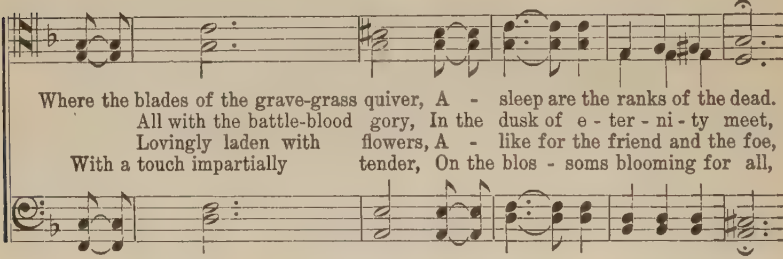
I rave no more 'gainst Time or Fate, For lo! my own shall come to me.
My heart shall reap where it has sown, And gar-ner up its fruits of tears.
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high, Can keep my own a-way from me.
Faith guides me up to heaven's gate, And love will bring my own to me.

FRANCIS M. FINCH

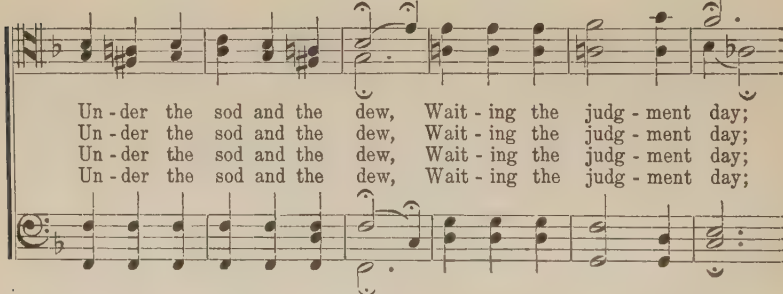
G. AVERY REEDER

Ad libitum.

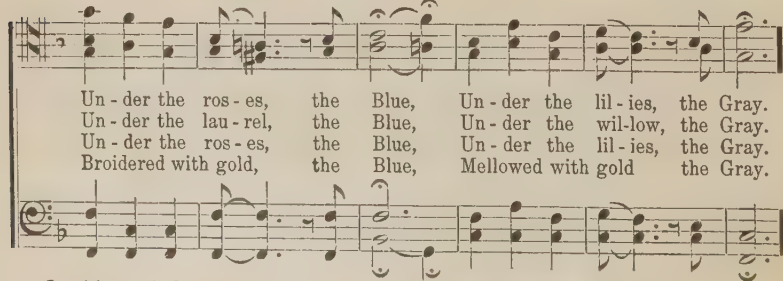
- 
1. By the flow of the inland river Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
 2. Those, in the robings of glory, Those, in the gloom of de-feat,
 3. From the silence of sorrowful hours, The des-o-late mourn-ers go,
 4. So, with an equal splendor, The morn-ing sun-rays fall,



Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver, A - sleep are the ranks of the dead.
 All with the battle-blood gory, In the dusk of e - ter - ni - ty meet,
 Lovingly laden with flowers, A - like for the friend and the foe,
 With a touch impartially tender, On the blos - soms blooming for all,



Un - der the sod and the dew, Wait - ing the judg - ment day;
 Un - der the sod and the dew, Wait - ing the judg - ment day;
 Un - der the sod and the dew, Wait - ing the judg - ment day;
 Un - der the sod and the dew, Wait - ing the judg - ment day;



Un - der the ros - es, the Blue, Un - der the lil - ies, the Gray.
 Un - der the lau - rel, the Blue, Un - der the wil - low, the Gray.
 Un - der the ros - es, the Blue, Un - der the lil - ies, the Gray.
 Broided with gold, the Blue, Mellowed with gold the Gray.

Beneath the Cross of Jesus

(Melody in 2d Tenor)

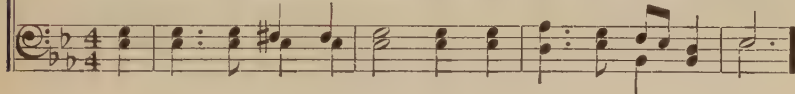
ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE

(Arr. H. P. M.)

F. C. MAKER



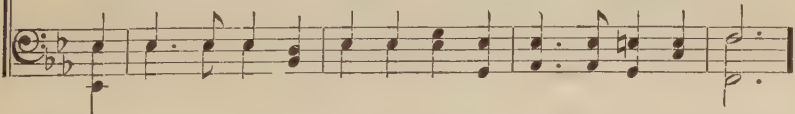
1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
 2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
 3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing place;



The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wea - ry land;
 The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - ered there for me:
 I ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of His face;



A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
 And from my smit - ten heart with tears Two won - ders I con - fess:
 Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss;



From the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.
 The won - ders of His glo - rious love, And my own worth - less - ness.
 My sin - ful self, my on - ly shame; My glo - ry, all the Cross.



FANNY J. CROSBY

(ARR. G. B. H.)

W. H. DOANE

Slow, and with expression.

1. We shall reach the sum-mer land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
 2. At the crys - tal riv - er's brink, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
 3. O these part - ing scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall

press the golden strand, Some sweet day, by and by; O the loved ones
 find each bro - ken link, Some sweet day, by and by; Then the star, that
 gather, friend with friend, Some sweet day, by and by; There be - fore our

watch - ing there, By the tree of life so fair, Till we come their joy to
 fad - ing here, Left our hearts and homes so dear, We shall see more bright and
 Father's throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall know as we are

CHORUS.

share, Some sweet day, by and by. } By and by, Some sweet
 clear, Some sweet day, by and by. }
 known, Some sweet day, by and by. } By and by, yes, by and by,

Some Sweet Day, By and By

day, We shall meet our loved ones gone, Some sweet day, by and by.

144

Blue Bells of Scotland

mf *JORDAN* *pf dim.*

1. Oh, where, tell me, where is your High-land lad-die gone? Oh, where, tell me,
2. Oh, where, tell me, where did your High-land lad-die dwell? Oh, where, tell me,
3. Oh, what, tell me, what if your High-land lad be slain? Oh, what, tell me,

where is your High-land lad-die gone? He's gone with streaming banners, where
where did your High-land lad-die dwell? He dwelt in bon-nie Scot-land, where
what if your High-land lad be slain? Oh, no! true love will guard him, and

no - ble deeds are done, And its oh! in my heart I wish him safe at home.
blooms the sweet blue bell, And its oh! in my heart I love my lad-die well.
bring him safe a - gain, For its oh! my heart would break if my dear lad were slain.

Diadem

(Melody in 1st Bass)

EDWARD PERRONET

(Arr. R. W. Roberts)

JAMES ELLOR

Sprightly.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall,
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this te - res - trial ball,
 3. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,

Let an - gels prostrate fall, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
 On this te - res - trial ball, To Him all ma - jes - ty a - scribe,
 We at His feet may fall, We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

And crown..... Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And
 And crown..... Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown.....
 crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

crown..... Him, And crown Him Lord of all.
 crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

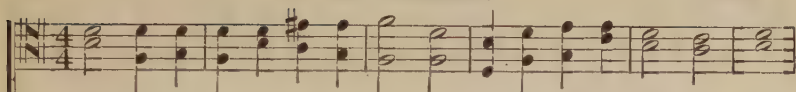
..... Him, And crown Him, Lord of all.

What Did He Do?

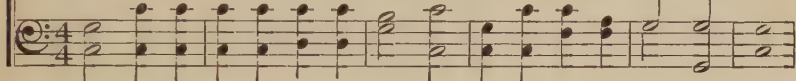
(Melody in 2d Tenor)

(Arr. P. H. Metcalf)

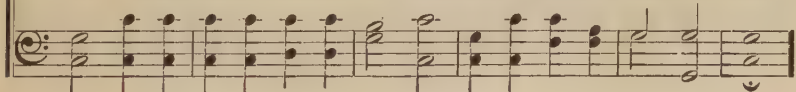
W. OWEN



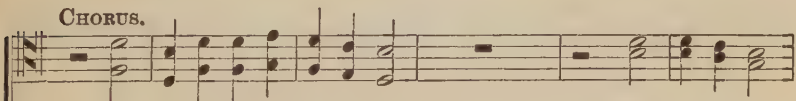
1. O lis - ten to our wondrous sto - ry Counted once a - mong the lost;
 2. No an - gel could His place have taken; High - est of the high tho' he,
 3. Will you sur - ren - der to this Sa - viour? To His scep - ter hum - bly bow?



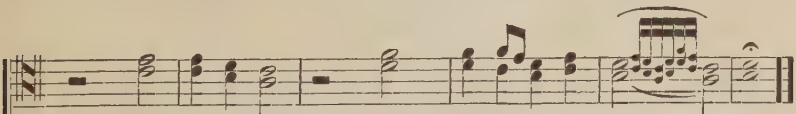
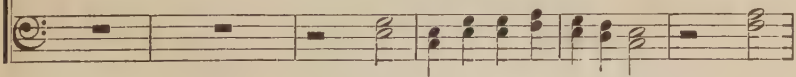
Yet one came down from heaven's glo - ry Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost!
 The loved One on the cross for - sak - en Was one of the God - head three.
 You too shall come to know His fa - vor, He will save you, save you now.



CHORUS.



Who saved us from e - ter - nal loss? What did He do?
 Who but God's Son up-on the cross? He



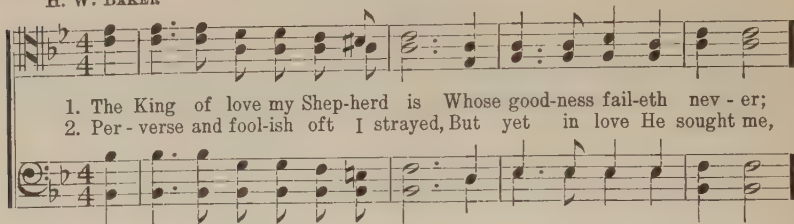
Where is He now? In heav - en in - ter - ced - ing!
 died for you! Be - lieve it thou, In heav - en in - ter - ced - ing!



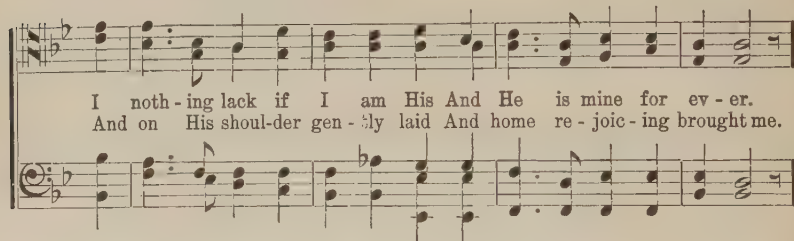
147 The King of Love My Shepherd Is

H. W. BAKER

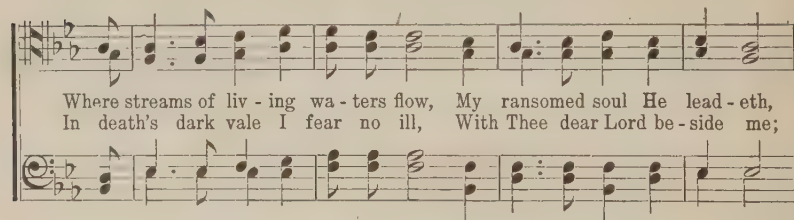
G. AVERY REEDER



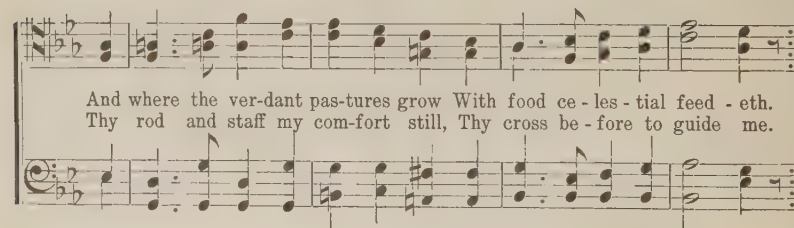
1. The King of love my Shep-herd is Whose good-ness fail-eth nev - er;
2. Per - verse and fool-ish oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me,



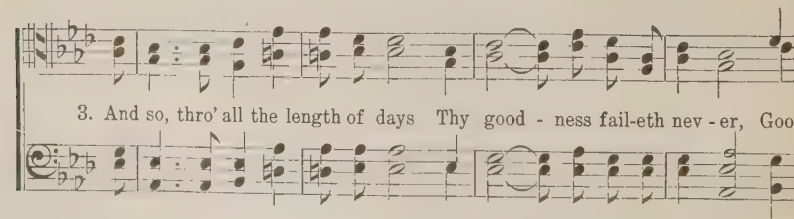
I noth - ing lack if I am His And He is mine for ev - er.
And on His shoul-der gen - tly laid And home re - joic - ing brought me.



Where streams of liv - ing wa - ters flow, My ransomed soul He lead - eth,
In death's dark vale I fear no ill, With Thee dear Lord be - side me;



And where the ver-dant pas-tures grow With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
Thy rod and staff my com-fort still, Thy cross be - fore to guide me.



3. And so, thro' all the length of days Thy good - ness fail-eth nev - er, Good

The King of Love My Shepherd Is



Shep-herd may I sing Thy praise For ev-er and for ev - er. A-men.



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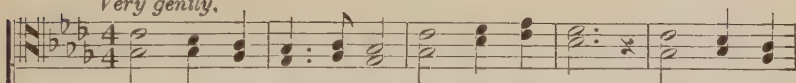
Moments of Prayer

FANNY J. GROSBY

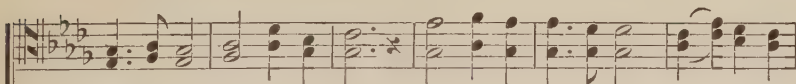
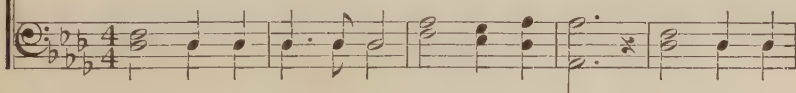
(Arr. G. B. H.)

W. H. DOANE

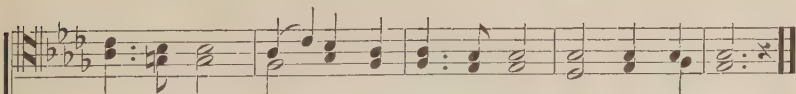
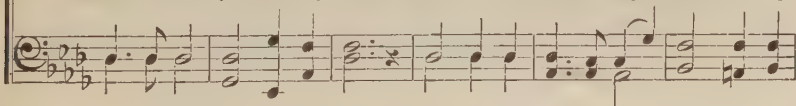
Very gently,



- | | |
|--|---------------|
| 1. Here from the world we turn, Je - sus to seek; | Here may His |
| 2. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort-er, Pres - ence di - vine, | Now in our |
| 3. Sa - viour, Thy work re - vive, Here may we see | Those who are |



lov-ing voice Ten - der - ly speak; Je - sus, our dearest friend, While at Thy
longing hearts Gra-cious-ly shine; O for Thy might-y Pow'r O for a
dead in sin Quickened by Thee; Come to our hearts to-night, Make ev - 'ry



feet we bend, O let Thy smile de-scend, 'Tis Thee we seek.
bless-ed show'r, Fill - ing this hal - lowed hour With joy di - vine.
bur - den light, Cheer Thou our wait - ing sight, We long for Thee.



HENRY VANDYKE

(ART. L. ERK)

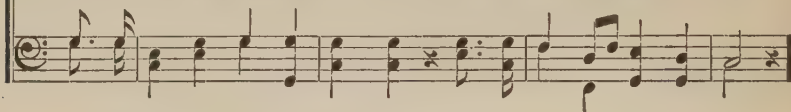
Folksong



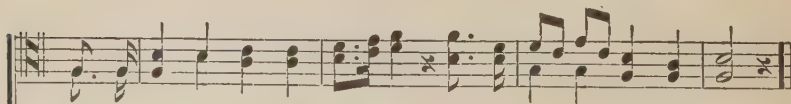
1. They who tread the path of la - bor, Fol - low where My feet have trod;
 2. Ev - 'ry task, how - ev - er sim - ple, Sets the soul that does it free;



They who work with-out com - plain - ing, Do the ho - ly will of God.
 Ev - 'ry deed of love and mer - cy Done to man is done to Me.



When the man - y toil to - geth - er, There am I a - mong My own;
 Nev - er - more thou need - est seek Me, I am with thee ev - 'ry - where;



Where the tir - ed work man sleep - eth, There am I with him a - lone.
 Raise the stone and thou shalt find Me; Cleave the wood and I am there.

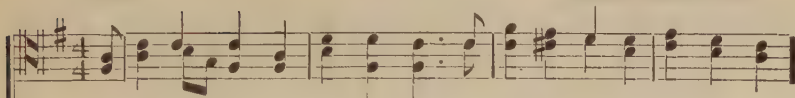


The Debt of Love

(One of Robert R. McBurney's favorite hymns)

T. H. GILL

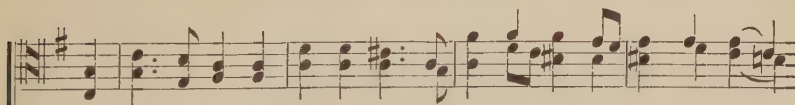
ROBERT JERMAIN COLE



1. And didst Thou, Lord, our sorrows take? And didst Thou, Lord, our burdens bear?
 2. We who so ten - der - ly were sought, Shall we not joy - ful seek - ers be,



Didst Thou for love of us for - sake Those glorious heights, that heav'nly air?
 And to Thy feet di - vine - ly bro't, Help weak - er souls, dear Lord, to Thee?



O could our weakness move Thy might? Our mis - 'ry make us sought of Thee?
 Ce - les - tial Seek - er, send us forth! Al - might - y Lov - er, teach us love!



Our gloom al - lure Thy glo - ry bright? Our sins win down Thy pur - i - ty?
 When shall we yearn to help our earth, As yearned the Ho - ly One a - bove?]

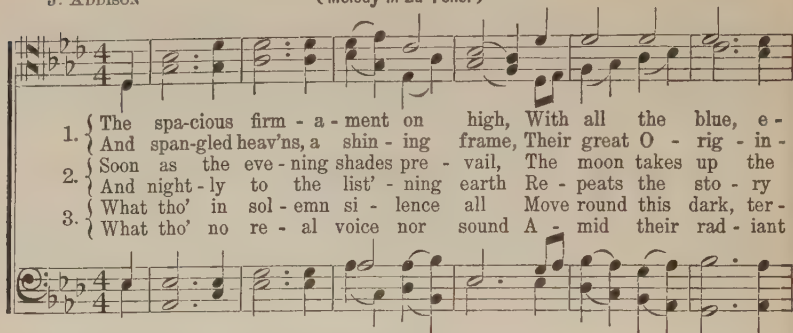


151 The Spacious Firmament on High

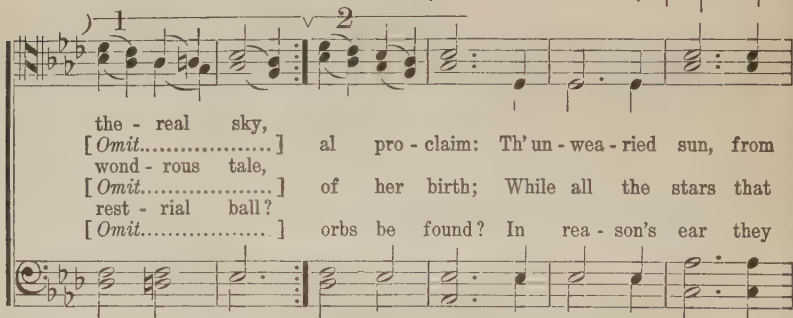
J. ADDISON

(Melody in 2d Tenor)

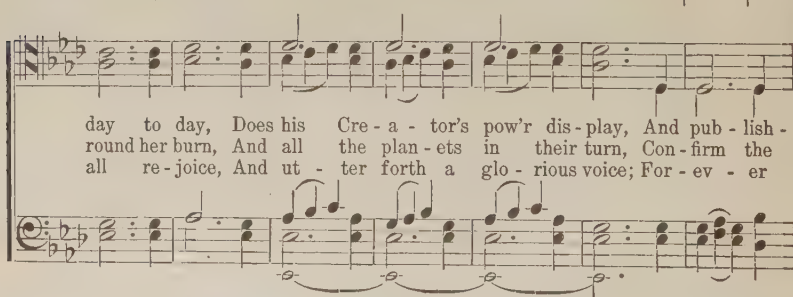
FRANZ J. HAYDN



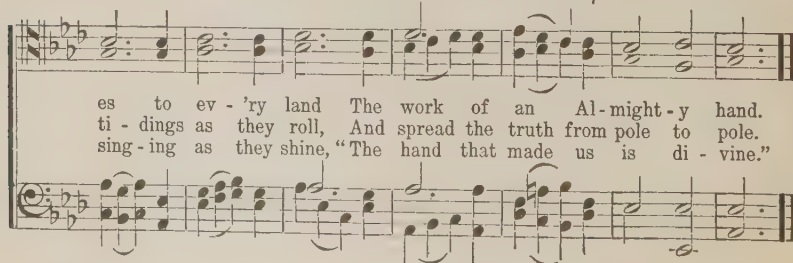
1. { The spa-cious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue, e -
And span-gled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - in -
2. { Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail, The moon takes up the
And night - ly to the list' - ning earth Re - peats the sto - ry
3. { What tho' in sol - emn si - lence all Move round this dark, ter -
What tho' no re - al voice nor sound A - mid their rad - iant



the - real sky,
[Omit.....] al pro - claim: Th'un - wea - ried sun, from
wond - rous tale,
[Omit.....] of her birth; While all the stars that
rest - rial ball?
[Omit.....] orbs be found? In rea - son's ear they



day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis - play, And pub - lish -
round her burn, And all the plan - ets in their turn, Con - firm the
all re - joice, And ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice; For - ev - er



es to ev - 'ry land The work of an Al - might - y hand.
ti - dings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
sing - ing as they shine, "The hand that made us is di - vine."

The Old Oak-en Bucket

(Melody in 2d Tenor. Other parts subdued)

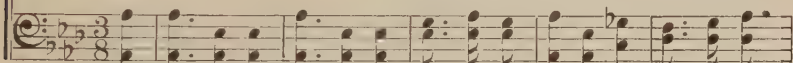
S. WOODWORTH

(Arr. G. B. H.)

GEORGE KJALLMARK



1. { How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec-ol -
2. { The or-chard, the mead-ow, the deep-tan-gled wild-wood, And ev - 'ry loved
3. { That moss cov-ered buck-et I hailed as a treas-ure, For oft-en at
1. { I found it the source of an ex-qui-site pleas-ure, The pur-est and
2. { How sweet from the green, mos-sy brim to re-ceive it, As, poised on the
3. { Not a full-blush-ing gob-let could tempt me to leave it, Tho' filled with the



CHO.—The old oak-en buck-et; the i-ron-bound bucket, The moss-cov-ered



FINE.

lec-tion pre-sents them to view! } { The wide, spreading pond, and the
spot which my in-fan-cy knew, } { The cot of my fa-ther, the
noon, when re-turned from the field. } { How ar-dent I seized it, with
sweet-est that na-ture can yield. } { Then soon, with the em-blem of
curb, it in-clined to my lips! } { And now, far re-moved from the
nec-tar that Ju-pi-ter sips. } { As fan-cy re-verts to my



buck-et that hung in the well.

D. C. al Fine for Chorus.



mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat-a-ract fell. }
dai-ry-house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck-et that hung in the well, }
hands that were glowing, And quick to the white-peb-bled bot-tom it fell. }
truth o-ver-flow-ing, And dripping with cool-ness, it rose from the well. }
loved hab-i-ta-tion, The tear of re-gret will in-tru-sive-ly swell, }
fa-ther's plan-ta-tion, And sighs for the buck-et that hung in the well; }

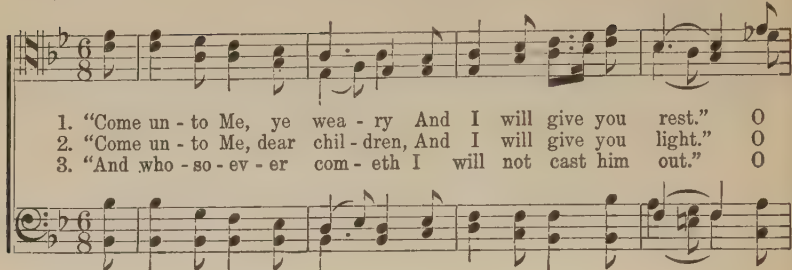


Come Unto Me

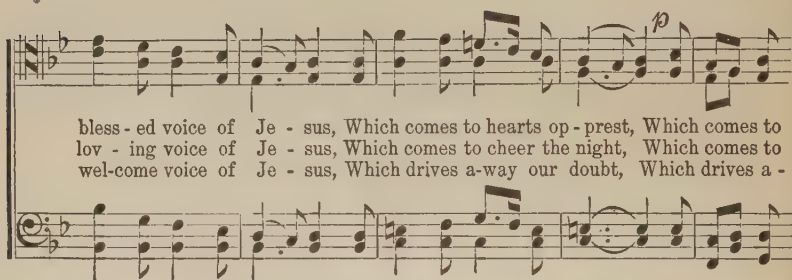
W. C. DIX

(Arr. G. Avery Reeder)

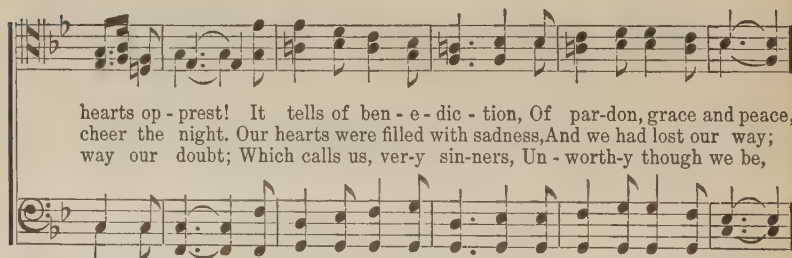
GEO. F. HANDEL



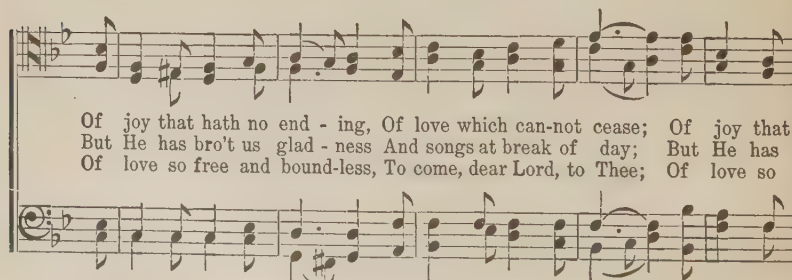
1. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry And I will give you rest." 0
 2. "Come un - to Me, dear chil - dren, And I will give you light." 0
 3. "And who - so - ev - er com - eth I will not cast him out." 0



bles - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest, Which comes to
 lov - ing voice of Je - sus, Which comes to cheer the night, Which comes to
 wel - come voice of Je - sus, Which drives a - way our doubt, Which drives a -



hearts op - prest! It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace and peace,
 cheer the night. Our hearts were filled with sadness, And we had lost our way;
 way our doubt; Which calls us, ver - y sin - ners, Un - worth - y though we be,



Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can - not cease; Of joy that
 But He has bro't us glad - ness And songs at break of day; But He has
 Of love so free and bound - less, To come, dear Lord, to Thee; Of love so

Come Unto Me

hath no end - ing, Of love,..... of love..... which can - not cease.
 bro't us glad - ness And songs,..... and songs..... at break of day.
 free and bound-less, To come,..... to come,..... dear Lord, to Thee.

154

Asleep in Jesus

MARGARET MACKAY

HUBERT P. MAIN

Slowly.

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ev - er
 2. A - sleep in Je - sus! oh! how sweet To be for such a
 3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peace - ful rest, Whose wak - ing is su -

wakes to weep; A calm and un-dis-turbed re - pose, Un - bro - ken
 slum - ber meet, With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing— That death has
 preme - ly blest; No fear, no woe shall dim that hour That man - i -

by the last of foes, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes.
 lost its ven - omed sting, That death has lost its ven - omed - sting!
 festes the Sa - viour's pow'r, That man - i - festes the Sa - viour's pow'r.

National Hymns

155

My Country, 'Tis of Thee

1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing; . . .
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

SAMUEL F. SMITH

156

God Bless Our Native Land

1 God bless our native land;
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayers shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

Tr. CHAS. T. BROOKS

157

God Save the King

1 God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

2 Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save our King.

158

Britain and America

1 Two empires by the sea
Two nations great and free,
One anthem raise.
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one faith, we claim
One God, whose glorious name
We love and praise.

2 Now may the God above
Guard the dear lands we love,
Both East and West.
Let love more fervent glow,
As peaceful ages go,
And strength yet stronger grow,
Blessing and blest.

GEORGE HUNTINGTON

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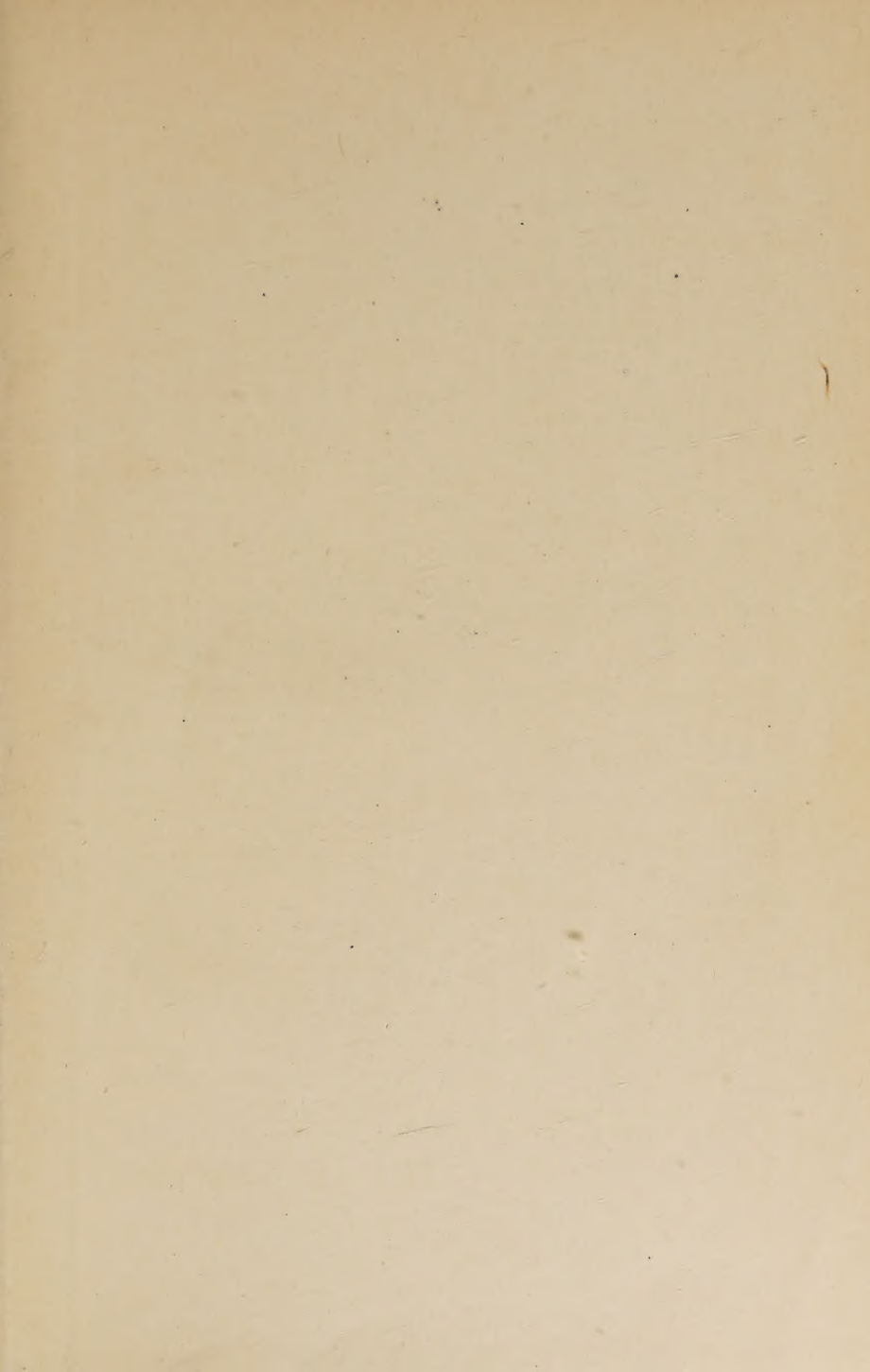


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